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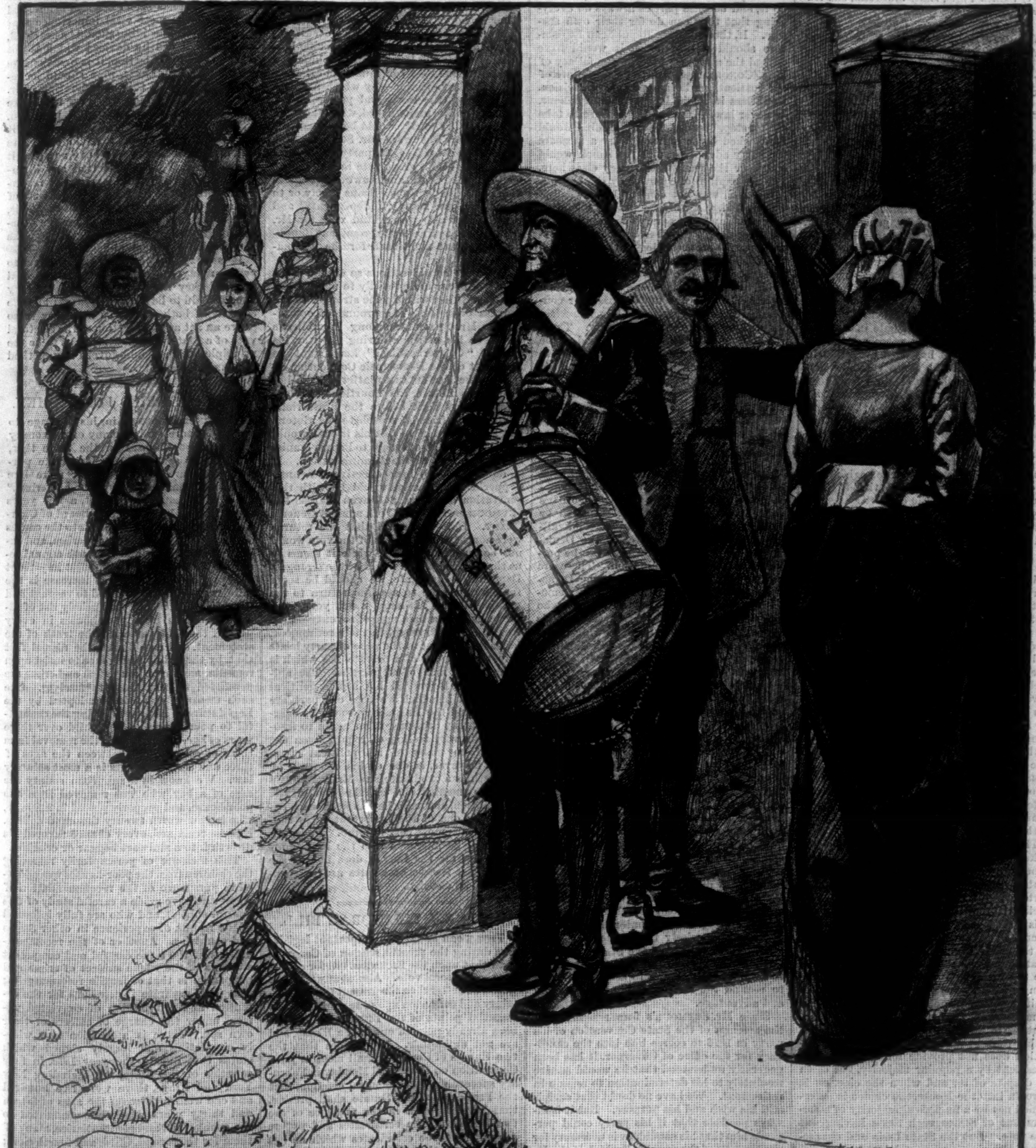

THE CALL TO CHURCH—EARLY COLONIAL TIMES IN NEW ENGLAND.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey.—[See Page 87.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1880.

BACK NUMBERS.

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PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION BY DISTRICTS.

THERE is a great Democratic flutter in consequence of the introduction of a bill in the Legislature of New York providing for the election of Presidential electors by districts instead of by general ticket. There is no question of the constitutionality of such a course. The Constitution says plainly, "Each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors," etc. The argument that this means that "the State" as a corporate unit must appoint them was urged by the Federalists in the debate in the New York Legislature eighty years ago, but it was unsound, and it has been overruled in practice. In 1828 the State voted by districts, choosing eighteen electors for JACKSON and sixteen for ADAMS. The district law was abolished in 1829, upon the recommendation of Mr. VAN BUREN, and since that time the vote has been taken by general ticket. Thus New York has appointed electors in three ways, each one of which is unquestionably constitutional—by the Legislature, by districts, and by general ticket. The argument in favor of the district system is very strong. It brings the election closer to the people, and it obstructs corruption and intrigue. Under the general ticket plan the temptation to bargain is immense, and the control of "a machine" is made much easier. One Convention can be managed more readily than thirty-three. The district system also indicates proportionately the real sentiment of the State. If there are a million of voters in New York, nearly five hundred thousand of which are of one party, and there be a plan by which they can have a reasonable representation of their preference, it is much better that they should have it. Everything, also, which strengthens the small political community is better for the country, as a prevention against dangerous consolidation. Decentralization, within just limits, is essentially republican. The district system also tends to bring the House of Representatives and the Executive into harmony, for every district that chose a Republican elector would choose a Republican Representative in Congress, and so with a Democratic district.

The argument in favor of the general ticket system is naturally stronger and more popular in a large State than in a small State. There is a certain pride in the "importance" of a State whose united vote may decide the election. Why should New York, it is stated, fritter away its weight and influence by dividing its electoral vote? But, on the other hand, what can New York legitimately gain by another course? Its voters are not interested in the Presidential election as New-Yorkers, but as citizens of the United States. The more this equality can be maintained, the better. It is urged, again, that the State should vote by general ticket rather than by districts because the Constitution does not provide for the choice of President by a popular majority, but often in despite of it; and when the election is thrown into the House, the choice is determined not by a numerical majority of members, but of States, each State having but one vote. But the State basis and character of the election are not lost by the district system. It is merely the manner in which the State chooses to appoint its electors. It can appoint only the number determined by its Congressional representation, but as to the method of appointment there can be no question raised upon an analogy to other provisions of the Constitution, because nothing is more explicit and unchallenged than the right of the State to appoint by districts if it prefers. There is, indeed, something to be said for appointment by the Legislature. But the result of such a plan now would be that every four years the State Legislature would be elected solely with reference to a single act, and that a national act. Another disadvantage would be the greater ease and opportunity of tampering with the legislative members when the parties were nearly equally divided. The great advantage, on the other hand, would be the diffusion of the fury of the Presidential election among all the legislative districts in the State and country. It would be, in fact, Presidential election by Assembly instead of Congressional districts.

Mr. O'CONOR is very sure that the present Legislature of New York will appoint the thirty-five electors, and determine the election of next November in advance. He is sure of it because the Republican party has the unquestionable constitutional power to do it, and because parties always do everything that they can do for their own success. If, therefore, the Republican Legislature should fail to do it, it would have offered the strongest proof of the fallacy of Mr. O'CONOR'S theory of the total failure of our institutions because of party division. Doubtless it would be highly inexpedient, however lawful, for the Legislature to take such a step, because the public mind would be shocked by so extraordinary a measure for party advantage, and the shock would endanger the party ascendency elsewhere. The assumption of a power by the Legislature which was not contemplated when it was elected, and which it has not exercised for more than fifty years, would be startling. The adoption of the district system, however, would be an act of legislation by which the Legislature would assume nothing for itself, and the question for the majority would be again of expediency, whether such a change, which was not discussed or considered in the canvass, could be made without ultimate injury to the party. There was no doubt that Governor JAY had ample power to summon the Legislature in 1800 to district the State. He was urged to do it "to save the country," but he thought it unbecoming. Governor JAY was politically moral as well as shrewd.

A POSSIBLE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

THE Democratic party is not likely to ask Republican journals for advice, but opponents are sometimes able to see each other's position clearly, and nothing seems to be plainer to Republicans than that the available Presidential candidate for the Democrats is HORATIO SEYMOUR, if he can be persuaded to accept a nomination. There are various cliques and factions in the Democratic party known by the names of Democratic leaders, but the one Democrat who receives universal homage from his party is Mr. SEYMOUR. This is largely owing to the fact that since his defeat in the Presidential election twelve years ago he has withdrawn from active politics, and has been conspicuous solely for the efficient performance of those duties of a good citizen which do not provoke party prejudice. When he withdrew he was the most prominent Democrat in the Union, and while, during his political passivity of a dozen years, the bitterness of his political opponents has been wholly mollified, the fierce dissensions within his own party in the State have left him wholly untouched. Mr. TILDEN, Chief Justice CHURCH, Senator KERNAN, Judges COMSTOCK and PARKER, JOHN KELLY, Governor ROBINSON, have been all involved in the feuds, but the one New York Democrat whose national reputation overshadows that of all of them has placidly meditated at Deerfield, like Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE at Sheen, devoted to agricultural and historical and charitable interests, declining to be Senator or Governor, but speaking wisely from time to time to stimulate the study of the State annals, to advance the standard of general education, to awaken the prisoner to self-respect, and to remind the farmer of his true position and advantage.

Since Mr. SEYMOUR'S firm resistance to the attempt of the State Convention of his party in 1876 to coerce him into the candidacy for the office of Governor, it has been generally understood that he would adhere resolutely to his determination to remain in retirement. We have no doubt that such is still his wish and his purpose. But it is always possible that if his party could persuade him that his candidacy is necessary for "the safety of the country," which is the latest fashion of urging a candidacy, he might yield consent to succor republican institutions. It is of course possible, also, that Mr. SEYMOUR does not believe that the safety of our institutions depends upon him or upon any other citizen. But if it can be shown to him that he is the Democrat whose nomination offers his party the best chance of success, he may again consider it to be his duty to acquiesce. It might not be difficult to show him this probability. The important Democratic candidates are not many. There is Mr. TILDEN, but Mr. TILDEN would be defeated in New York by Democratic votes. His nomination would be a Democratic surrender. Mr. BAYARD is *sans reproche* as a man and a Democrat, but the TILDEN clique is jealous of him, and the Western Democrats of the Ohio *idee* are hostile to so steady a hard-money man. General HANCOCK, a brave and distinguished Union soldier, would undoubtedly lose an important vote by the SURRATT calumny. Mr. HENDRICKS can be hardly considered a serious candidate, and Mr. THURMAN has disappeared. Now to all those Democrats to whom for some reason each of the gentlemen we have named would be objectionable, Mr. SEYMOUR would be most acceptable. It is another important consideration in his favor that he would be very much stronger in the essential State of New York than any other Democrat. What Democrats in this State most fear is some kind of occult understanding, not a distinct or specific bargain, between the Republican machine and Mr. JOHN KELLY—a continuation of the amity of the last election—by which it would happen that the municipal power of Mr. KELLY would be undisturbed, while the Democratic vote in the city would be conveniently reduced. But were Mr. SEYMOUR the Democratic candidate, the party enthusiasm would give him a great vote in the city as well as in the State, and, however disagreeable it may be for Republicans to say or to hear, there are many "Independents" and Republicans also who would vote for Mr. SEYMOUR as against some prominent Republicans who are mentioned for the nomination.

These are considerations so obvious that they will occur undoubtedly to many Democrats, and they will become stronger as the canvass proceeds. The ground of opposition to Mr. SEYMOUR among Republicans would be his attitude during the war, his general "Copperheadism," his assent as President of the Democratic Convention of 1864 to the McCLELLAN platform declaring the war a failure, his Fourth-of-July address in New York before the draft riots, and his "My friends" speech to the rioters. But as a "counter" to this his friends would urge his dispatch of troops to Pennsylvania, and the thanks of the Administration. It is doubtful, also, how effective an anti-Copperhead campaign would be with this generation of voters, and even in 1868 Mr. SEYMOUR carried New York against General GRANT. If it be denied that the returns were honest, the closeness of the vote would not be questioned. Yet, while it seems to us that Mr. SEYMOUR would be the strongest Democratic candidate, we should be sorry for his own sake to see him return to the political field. Although much younger—for he is now a hale man of seventy—than ADAMS and JEFFERSON in their retirement, he has passed out of the zone of party heats into the serenity of a private life which is honored by men of all parties. The animosities that pursued his active political career, and in which we bore our part, are allayed, and the Presidency would be dearly bought by arousing them again to frenzy. This very feeling of regard upon the part of so many of his political opponents, however, is one of his elements of strength as a candidate, and Mr. SEYMOUR'S possible nomination by the Democratic Convention, although he has been once defeated, is one of the important facts that Republicans must bear in mind. No candidate will be hurrahed into the Presidency this year, for the hurrah does not in the least affect those whose votes are indispensable to an election.

THE NEW ELECTORAL BILL.

THERE can be no more important legislation during the present session of Congress than that upon the BICKNELL bill for counting the electoral vote. Almost any measure would be better than the present total uncertainty and confusion upon the subject. The essential points of the BICKNELL bill have been already pointed out in the *Weekly*, and are not unfamiliar. It provides that the two Houses of Congress shall meet in joint Convention on the second Monday in February succeeding a Presidential election, that the President of the Senate shall preside, that he shall open in the presence of the two Houses all the certificates and papers purporting to be certificates which he has received, and that the votes of every State shall be counted unless rejected by the separate vote of both Houses. If a controversy shall have arisen in a State, which its highest legal tribunal has settled, the settlement shall stand, and the vote of the State be counted accordingly, unless both Houses shall agree in reversing it. Should there be a conflict of judicial decisions in a State, each purporting to be the highest, that decision which both Houses shall hold to be lawful shall stand, unless reversed by the vote of both Houses. Should there be contested votes in a State without a judicial decision, or two or more certified decisions, the contested votes shall not be counted except with the consent of both Houses.

These provisions cover all the points of probable contest. They do not, however, remit the final decision of a dispute to the States even when the dispute has been settled by the highest legal tribunal within the State, but it can not be reversed by the vote of a single House. On the other hand, if there be a contested vote, and either House objects, the vote can not be counted. The result of this provision would be that if the two Houses politically differed, and the choice of President depended upon the vote of a single State, a contest would be probably raised, and the vote rejected by the dissent of one House. But this power of rejecting votes has been exercised before, and as it is of the most vital importance that some method of deciding should be provided, and as none can be devised which is not open to serious objection, it is questionable whether the BICKNELL plan should be rejected because of this consideration. Mr. MORTON'S plan, which was very much like Mr. BICKNELL'S in its essential provision, was opposed by the Democrats because it gave Congress the right to exclude the vote of a State, but they would have accepted it undoubtedly if it had referred any difference of the two Houses in regard to receiving a vote to the decision of the House of Representatives voting by States. This, however, was a mere evasion, for the question might as well be referred at once to the body which has the final decision.

It is clear that if the two Houses are to perform any other than a merely formal duty, if they are to settle contests, they must be held to have equal powers; and the consent of both should be necessary to so grave an act as the rejection of the electoral vote of a State. This seems to us to be the principle which should govern any method of counting the vote.

REFORMATORIES FOR WOMEN.

GOVERNOR CORNELL in his Message to the Legislature said of many of the county jails and poor-houses in the State that, "instead of serving their legitimate purposes, they are said to appear more like nurseries of immorality, squalor, and crime." This had become so evident, a few years since, that in 1873 the State Board of Charities was directed to examine into the causes of the increase of crime, pauperism, and insanity in the State, and its tenth annual report showed that one of the most important and prolific causes of this increase is the unrestrained liberty allowed to vagrant and degraded women. A melancholy list of instances, drawn from poor-houses in every part of the State, attested the truth of the statement, and established the dismal fact that, by the public negligence to insist upon remedial measures, pauperism and crime are permitted to perpetuate themselves. One such measure was wisely adopted by the Legislature of 1875, prohibiting the committal to poor-houses of any child over three years of age, and requiring the removal from them of all children between the ages of three and sixteen. This is a most salutary law. We know in a suburban county the case of a boy who was removed from the poor-house, and properly placed in a family, who is now worth twenty thousand dollars. Had he remained, every chance favored his growth into a stalwart beggar or criminal.

This measure of peremptorily removing the children from the poor-houses was adopted in pursuance of the recommendation of those who have made a careful study of this painful subject, and who are fully informed of the results of experience in other States and countries. Another of the recommendations of the same careful and competent students of the whole subject of crime and pauperism is that of female reformatories; that is, of separate institutions for the detention and reformation of convicted women, under the charge of officers of their own sex. There is a petition now widely circulating and largely signed which states that during the year 1878, in fifty counties of the State, not including New York and Kings, there were five hundred and one women between the ages of fifteen and thirty years who were committed to the county jails and penitentiaries, many of them for the second, third, and fourth time; that many of them when not under sentence are supported in the county houses, where they bear illegitimate children, and propagate pauperism, drunkenness, insanity, and crime. There is one family, the JUKES, whose name is familiar to every one who is interested in this subject. The descendants of five vicious pauper sisters of this family amounted in seventy-five years to twelve hundred persons, and had cost the State of New York more than one and a quarter million of dollars.

The details contained in the charity and prison reports are of the most painful and startling character, and there is no doubt that our present careless system is not only degrading, but enormously expensive. If any reader doubts this, let him go to his county jail and poor-house, and observe and inquire. He will be very apt in many cases to believe these institutions to be the blackest stains upon our civilization. Much, certainly, has been done to improve them, and the unselfish efforts of intelligent and devoted philanthropists have not been unavailing. But very much also remains to be done. Valuable as are the reforms which have been already accomplished in parts of our prison system, it is undeniable that many of our county jails are in the condition of many of the English jails a hundred years ago, and that in our poor-houses pauperism is strengthening and multiplying itself by means which could be readily corrected. The proposed Reformatory for Women is one of the most important and immediately practicable methods of opposing the growth of poverty and crime. They are not designed as prisons, but rather as a kind of home, to which, however, the inmates should be committed for long terms, and submitted to a steady but not punitive discipline, and trained in every kind of useful work. The reformatory prison in Indiana, and the short experience of that in Massachusetts at Sherburne, both under the exclusive charge of women, show how good an influence such charge may exercise upon women. Eighty per cent. of the persons discharged from the Indiana reformatory are known to be doing well, and there has been but one recommitted in five years. Will not New York make this simple and radical effort to continue the good work which was begun by removing the children from the poor-houses? By so practical and efficient a method we may do much to stay the flood of pauperism and crime, which will swell swiftly and fiercely if we are indifferent or skeptical. We trust that the Legislature will not allow so important a measure to fail, for nothing is a surer test of the civilization of a community than the condition of its charitable and penal institutions.

PROPHETIC CONVERSATION.

Mr. Nassau W. Senior, who died two or three years ago, was an Englishman who had written upon political economy, and was deeply versed in public affairs. He had a large acquaintance with public men and the distinguished society of Europe, and a Boswellian turn for recording his conversations with conspicuous people. Several volumes of such interviews have been published. They are interesting, especially when they show the estimate that eminent contemporaries placed upon each other, and they are instructive as showing the very small value of prophetic conversation. Great political results depend upon a multitude of circumstances, and often upon unforeseen events and accidents, and the colloquial prophet, therefore, has not the essential conditions of the problem before him.

The *Fortnightly Review* recently published some conversations of Mr. Senior with M. Adolphe de Circourt, an accomplished French gentleman who was known to many Americans who were in Paris twenty or thirty years ago. Madame De Circourt had a *salon* which was honored by the jealousy of Madame De Récamier. Her husband was a friend of Lamartine, who in the day of his power sent M. De Circourt as minister to Berlin, whence an injudicious dispatch compelled his recall. In April, 1862, M. De Circourt expressed his opinions of the United States. In reading them, while we smile at the abortive prophecy, we must remember that the tone is due to the fact that the United States had long been known to the world only by the vulgar and blustering tone of a slave-holding oligarchy, and that there was a natural and profound contempt for a nation which was always swaggering about liberty while it held four millions of slaves.

"If the empire of the seas," said M. De Circourt, in 1862, "is to belong either to England or to the United States, I had rather a hundred times see it in the hands of England. If the North can conquer the South and re-establish the United States, it will in twenty years be the most arrogant, the most rapacious, and the most unscrupulous power on the globe. All Europe, and, still more, all America, is interested in its disruption. 'The most disagreeable country to negotiate with,' said Guizot, 'is the United States. The best is England. The English are proud and obstinate and touchy, ready to take offense, but they never deceive you.'" A year later M. De Circourt announced that in about four years—say in 1867 or 1868—the United States would be divided into three empires, and he hoped that England would join France to intervene in the United States and to protect Mexico. This might lead to war with "the Federals," but in "their frantic state of mind" it could not be avoided. These conversations of an educated French gentleman, and the allusions to our war in the lately published letters of Dickens, show how deep and strong was the dislike, or even hatred, of the *ante bellum* United States in the higher and even in intelligent society in Europe.

THE NEW MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

The nomination of James Russell Lowell as minister to England is one that will be equally welcome to both countries. Mr. Lowell is, indeed, open to the politician's reproach of being a literary man, but it is possible that he has served his country in many ways as usefully and honorably as if he had packed caucuses all his life. There was certainly never any political speech nor any series of speeches from any statesman in this country which more profoundly and permanently affected public opinion than the *Biglow Papers*, while all Mr. Lowell's discussions of public questions in the *North American Review* were quite as incisive, sagacious, and practical as those which have recently filled its pages, from conspicuous politicians, including ex-Senator Howe's plea for a third term. There is no question with which our minister to England is likely to be called upon to deal for which Mr. Lowell's singular good sense and ability, as well as his extraordinary and various information, do not conspicuously qualify him.

In England his name is already familiar. He is probably, with Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Emerson, the best known of our living authors. The shrewd mother-wit and the sinewy, racy quality of his style have especially charmed England. Upon a visit to that country a few years ago he was made a D. C. L. at Oxford—an honor which Mr. Everett and Mr. Motley received when they were ministers; and the welcome which awaits Mr. Lowell is not an official welcome, but one of the sincerest respect for his genius, his works, and his attainments.

He has had illustrious predecessors from his own city. Mr. Everett, Mr. Bancroft, and Mr. Motley, all of the guild of letters, were ministers to England, as well as the Adamses, and there have been none who conferred more honor upon their country. If such places were always filled by such men, there would be less wonder upon the part of intelligent Europe. Mr. Lowell has also the primary qualification for his position that he is an American of the Americans: altogether too true an American not to blush and tingle with shame at much that is done and said in the name of America, and in himself and his career nobly illustrating the America of which every American is honestly proud.

LYING, AS A PARTY WEAPON.

Those who suppose that party spirit in England is less rancorous than in this country should read a series of falsehoods told by Mr. Gladstone's political opponents to his prejudice, which Mr. Gladstone recently mentioned and exposed, in an admirable letter, after his return from Scotland. He specifies the statements, "the whole of which are simply false," and then proceeds to "other untruths, some of them, I am sorry to say, propagated, of course inadvertently, by Tory members of Parliament."

Among these last are the assertions that Mr. Gladstone created a Lordship of the Treasury for his son; that he appointed his brother-in-law to a commissionership; that he is a large shareholder in Russian railways; that he is connected with a firm which advances largely for their construction; and that he has denounced Lord Beaconsfield as not having a drop of English blood in his veins. Mr. Gladstone says, "There is not a shadow of foundation for any of these five statements." Another Tory story, told in detail, was that when Mr. Gladstone came into possession of the Glynne property he evicted certain small farmers, and united their farms into one estate under a Scotch bailiff, while the farmers became paupers. "On this," remarks Mr. Gladstone, "I have only to say that I never came into the Glynne property; that I never turned out a small tenant farmer, or any other resident tenant; that I never consolidated a farm; that this year I have divided a large farm into four smaller holdings."

The Liberal leader invites his honorable opponents, of whom there are "very many," to discountenance this method of carrying on political warfare, and he is himself the signal proof that it is not necessary, because while he is by far the most powerful and destructive of the opponents of Jingoism and Toryism, he is as courteous as he is trenchant. When opponents become liars and blackguards, it is because they have neither ability nor wit. They abandon their case. They suppose that frothing at the mouth will be taken for force, and they are not shrewd enough to know that falsehoods and ribaldry and ill temper are boomerangs.

MR. PARNELL.

Mr. Parnell is so unlike the typical Irish agitator that the papers which oppose his agitation find it hard to treat him in the usual way. He is certainly not an adventurer, nor a blatherskite, nor a wild rhetorician. He is a self-possessed and dignified gentleman, who distinctly disclaims a policy of insurrection, and who in his very first speech announced that not a penny given in this country would go to any such purpose. Finding that our chief interest lies not in Irish politics but in Irish suffering, he has opened a separate relief fund, while he improves the opportunity of speaking to thousands of Americans to explain to them the grounds of the Irish agitation. He does not ask nor expect government interference, but he assumes that to state in this country the reasons of the suffering of his own, although involving censure of the English government, is not to appeal to us upon a wholly local or political question.

Mr. S. S. Cox's proposition, and the vote of the House of Representatives, to give Mr. Parnell the use of their chamber is, however, mere demagogy, meant to please the Irish voters. The Hall of Representatives should be used for no other purposes than those of Congress, and certainly it should not be opened for an orator who in stating the suffering of Ireland and its causes severely condemns a friendly government. The propriety which permits Mr. Parnell to tell his story as a matter of individual interest merely, strictly prohibits any appearance of government recognition or sympathy. We do not for a moment personally compare Mr. Parnell and Dennis Kearney. But what should we naturally think if the House of Commons should invite Kearney to denounce in their hall the American press and conspicuous American citizens?

We wish, indeed, that Mr. Parnell would show his disdain of mere demagogy by stating his preference to speak elsewhere in Washington. He is an individual Irishman addressing the intelligence of this country, and hoping to enlighten American opinion as Mr. Beecher spoke in England during our war to enlighten English opinion. A late letter from an Irish tenant farmer in County Down is well worth attention as showing the point of the Irish question. "What astonishes me," he says, and his letter is conspicuously published in the *Spectator*, "is the fact that any body of educated gentlemen could imagine that any country could be prosperous or contented where the mass of the people have not security for the investment of their capital or labor." Until this trouble is removed, he says, there must be discontent and poverty; but when the British government is ready to be "a parent to the Irish peasantry, that peasantry will render it the obedience and affection of a child."

LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.

There is a placid skepticism which sneers at all the humane and charitable efforts to help paupers and criminals, of which we speak elsewhere, as a foolish waste of time. But the spirit which taught forgiveness until seventy times seven, and which fills heaven with joy over one soul saved, is perpetually illustrated, although not always noted. The good people who are patiently working in their various counties, visiting the jails and the poor-houses, will see in one little incident that their labor is not in vain.

A young man nineteen years old was committed to the jail in Richmond County, in this State, for theft. He proved to be an old offender even at that age, and had been already in the State-prison. He was disowned by his friends as irreclaimable, and was seriously ill. The sheriff, who is the jailer in that county, and his wife, were very kind to him, and Mrs. Floyd, one of the ladies of the "Jail Committee" of the State Charities Aid County Association, often visited him. The young man was evidently deeply touched, and upon the expiration of his term the sheriff humanely obtained a place for him in an honest industry. A few days since he sent the following letter to the sheriff, which is unquestionably sincere, and very suggestive and encouraging:

"Sir,—I think it a duty to write to you and tell you how I get along, because I never can forget the way, sheriff, you treated me while in your charge. I promised you I would try to do right, and I am trying to keep my promise. I am getting along better than I anticipated I should. I am boarding in a very nice place, and feel quite comfortable. Mrs. Floyd writes to me, and Mr. Butler comes to see me often. To-night I write three letters—one to you, one to Mr. Vaughn (deputy-sheriff), and one to Mrs. Floyd—feeling in the best of spirits, and as good as ever. Sheriff, I am not a school-man, and can not command in the English language words adequate to express my gratitude to you, Mrs. Brown, and Mr. Vaughn, for you have lifted me, an unhappy convict, up, and placed me on the first step of the ladder, and once on the first step, it will not be impossible, with the help of the Divine assistance, to ascend the rest. I might slip, but even should I slip one step, it will be my ambition to re-ascend two....I ask you to remember me to Mrs. Brown, such as a son would desire to be remembered to a mother, also to her kind sister, for, sheriff, the only friends I have in this world are those I made in your jail....I will try and adhere to my good resolutions. I am fully aware that I have all up-hill work before me, and that I have a great deal of prejudice to overcome, in the shape of the taunts and jeers of those virtuous persons who will never give a fallen brother credit for a sincere desire to reform. Nevertheless, I hope ultimately to live down my former bad reputation, and should I succeed, you can take credit to yourself, in conjunction with the remainder of your family, and Mrs. Floyd, for having saved one fallen creature from ruination; and it will be another proof that there are few hearts so utterly depraved as to be impervious to acts of humanity and kindness."

PERSONAL.

Mr. William H. Vanderbilt has just made a munificent gift to the University of Virginia. The officials of that institution, desiring to make available the gift of Mr. L. J. McCormick of his noble telescope, authorized General George D. Johnston to visit New York and, if possible, obtain funds for that purpose. General Johnston, after calling upon a few gentlemen, had an interview with Mr. Vanderbilt, doubtless with some hope of receiving a donation. His delight may therefore be imagined when Mr. Vanderbilt sat down and wrote him a check, which he quietly handed to him. The check was for *twenty-five thousand dollars*.

—General Grant, in one of his conversations at sea with John Russell Young, alluded to certain officers who were buried in the staff, and did not rise. "Ingalls, for instance, remained Quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac during all the commands, and did a great work. Ingalls in command of troops would, in my opinion, have become a great and famous general. If the command of the Army of the Potomac had ever become vacant, I would have given it to Ingalls. Horace Porter was lost in the staff. Like Ingalls, he was too useful to be spared. But as a commander of troops Porter would have risen, in my opinion, to a high command."

—Count Telfner, who last year married for his second wife a sister-in-law of Mr. Mackey, of Bonanza fame, is said to be the most opulent man in Italy.

—Since 1872 the Dominican order has been without a General, no congregation of the whole order having been held since the death of Père Jandel. The duties of General were discharged in Rome by Père San Vito. By direction of the Pope permission was given for votes to be sent by letter for the election of a General, and Père La Rocca, a Spaniard, has been chosen. He was recently engaged on a mission to the Philippine Islands, but is now on his way to Rome. The Superior of the Dominicans in New York is Father Lily, a gentleman of commanding presence, varied accomplishments, and held in high esteem by the clergy and laity of the Roman Catholic Church.

—Canon **Farrar** recently preached in Westminster Abbey a sermon on the 814th anniversary of its founding, and made touching allusions to many of the distinguished persons interred within its walls.

—The sixth number of Dr. Carnochan's *Contributions to Operative Surgery and Surgical Pathology*, just published by Harper & Brothers, is one of the most interesting, perhaps the most interesting to the general reader, of those that have been published. Its chief attraction for laymen consists in the exceedingly interesting account given of the anatomical changes that take place at different ages of human life. The sixteen pages devoted to this topic can not fail to hold the attention of the intelligent reader. In language concise and clear it explains the changes steadily going on in the human system from infancy to extreme old age. The grand climacteric, which Dr. Carnochan, as well as other eminent medical men, places at sixty-three, is dwelt upon at some length, and it tells us of the manner in which physical and mental decadence commences, progresses, and ends. The spirited picture with which the number is embellished represents a scene behind a portion of the line of battle at Gaines's Mill, Virginia, on the 27th of June, 1862, where the different appliances of the ambulance department in active operation are vividly portrayed.

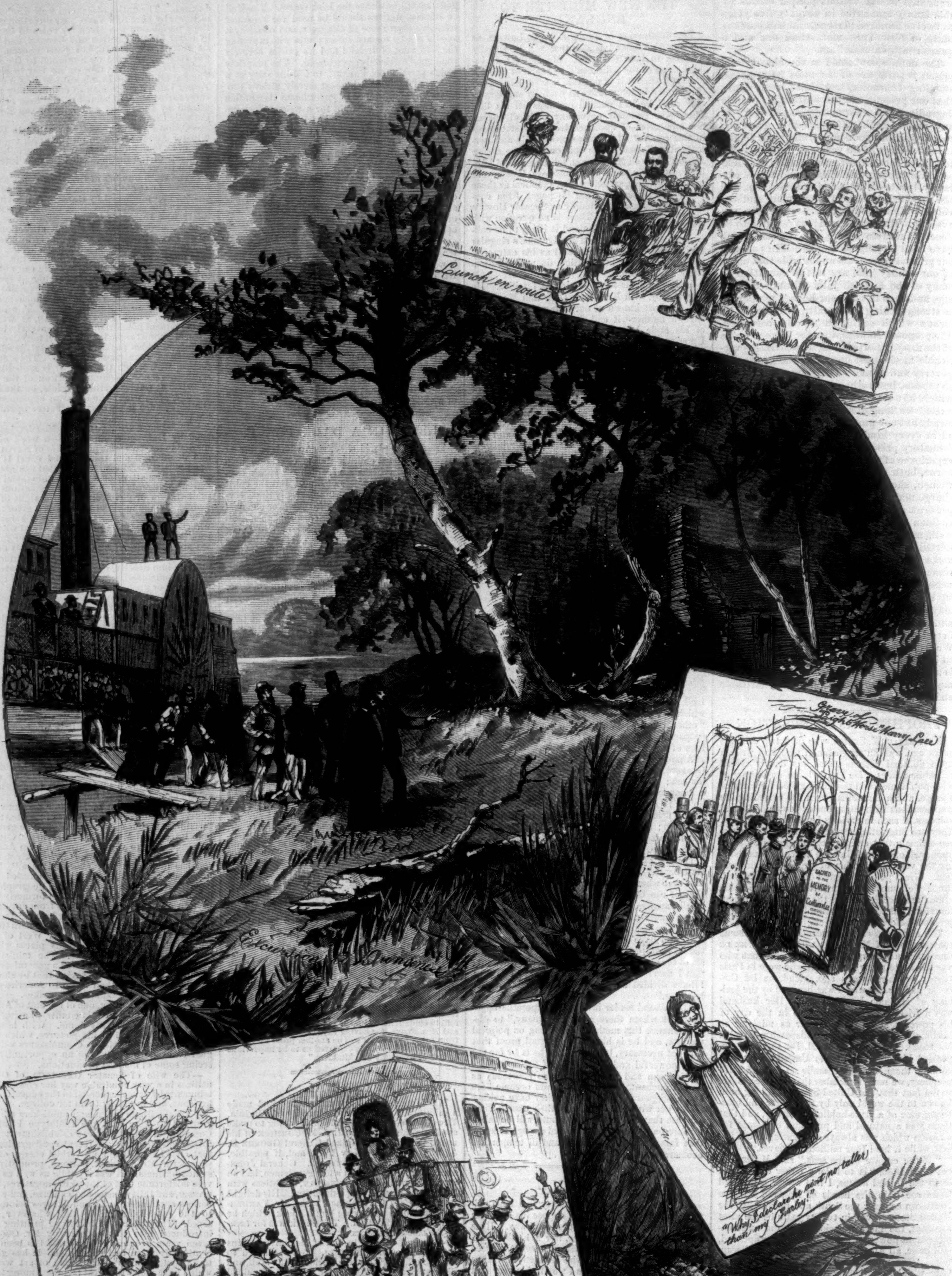
—In Madame De Rémusat's *Memoirs*, just issued by Harper & Brothers—a work of remarkable interest—the private life of Napoleon and Josephine and the imperial court is laid open with a merciless accuracy that can not fail to arrest the attention of every thoughtful person who regards an honest, conscientious administration of government as the right of the people. Of the imperial household it gives some very interesting details. Napoleon's income was about $7,100,000 a year, exclusive of what he took from the secret service and other funds. He allowed himself $8000 a year for his dress. It is well known that if an article of clothing did not suit him exactly, either in make or material, it was condemned, and that he was greatly given to inking or greasing his white breeches, and to burning his boots by using his boot for a poker, especially when he was angry or excited. He usually rose at seven. If he wakened in the night, he frequently bathed, ate, or worked before going to sleep again. He suffered from a foul stomach, and often fancied that he had been poisoned. It took M. De Rémusat a long time to teach him to shave himself: the chamberlain was moved to this through Napoleon's visible uneasiness when in the barber's hands. If a garment did not please him, it was torn off and thrown on the floor or into the fire. In trimming his nails, of which he was vain, he used countless pairs of scissors, that were smashed off-hand if they were not sharp. The only perfume he was partial to was Cologne, of which he required sixty bottles a month. He ate and drank little, though he was very fond of coffee. At dinner he had everything served at once, and fed at hazard, often taking cream or a dish of sweets before touching the entrées.

—The introduction of Minister Andrew D. White to Count Moltke, at one of the court entertainments, was rather amusing. The gentleman introduced Mr. White by saying, "Count, let me present to you a gentleman from America, who was born in Homer, lives in Syracuse, and has founded a university at Ithaca." The union of classical names rather puzzled the count. Mr. White explained the geographical muddle by saying that the custom formerly had been in America to select names from antiquity for the many new towns coming into existence; but that now names of the heroes of modern times were chosen, and that in the far West of the United States there were already places which had been christened Moltke. The minister's neat turn of the matter created a general smile, in which the count joined, saying that he should like nothing better than to go to America and visit one of his geographical namesakes.

—Mr. Elihu Vedder, one of the best of American artists, is now in this country, having left Rome for a holiday visit home. With him he has brought several of his pictures, which will soon be on public view. Connoisseurs will be glad to avail themselves of an opportunity of seeing some of his best productions.

—The wife of Senator Garfield, of Ohio, utilizes in a very admirable way her classical attainments by devoting herself to the education of her sons, and in fitting them for college.

—Artists, literary men, and publishers will be gratified to hear that the Heliotype Printing Company of Boston, whose establishment was totally destroyed by the recent conflagration in that city, has, with the proverbial energy of its proprietor, Mr. James R. Osgood, promptly resumed business. It was a public as well as private misfortune that of the 25,000 negatives, fifty presses, and thirty lenses and cameras, and numberless appliances, tools, and fixtures belonging to the establishment, nothing whatever was saved. The process of heliotype printing was introduced into this country by Mr. Osgood seven years ago, and its progress has been exceptionally rapid and successful. It has given to the public a large catalogue of art works, which have met with great favor. Among them may be mentioned the works of Titian, Dürer, Correggio, Raphael, Landseer, Millais, and Darley's illustrations to Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*. Concurrently with the art publications Mr. Osgood was producing a series of scientific subjects, to the order mostly of government and State institutions, as well as for a large number of publishers. Among the miscellaneous books that have been illustrated with heliotype pictures may be mentioned the Harvard Book, Yale Book, Princeton Book, College Books, Chisholm's *Views of the White Mountains, Newport and its Cottages*, etc., etc. In its new and spacious quarters at Nos. 124 and 126 Pearl Street, and under the vigorous management of its estimable proprietor, the Heliotype Company is sure to place itself amongst the most useful auxiliaries of literature and art.


Lunch en route.
Excursion to Dungeness
Grave of "Light Horse" Harry Lee
SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
"Why, I declare he aint no taller than my Charley!"
"Dats him suah"

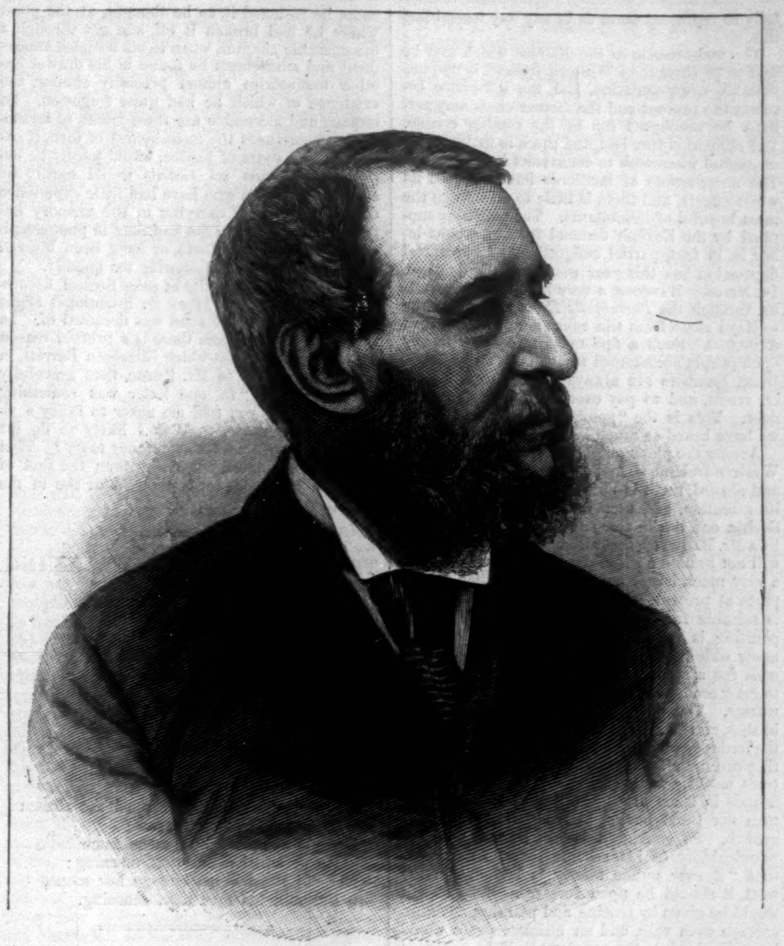
GENERAL GRANT IN FLORIDA.—FROM SKETCHES BY F. H. TAYLOR.—[SEE PAGE 91.]

STEPHEN P. NASH.

Stephen P. Nash, Esq., who on the 13th January was elected president of the Bar Association, in place of Hon. William M. Evarts, was born in Albany in 1821, and lived there and in that vicinity until he was about twelve years of age. He was educated at the Albany Academy, and at the French College of Chambly near Montreal. His family having removed to Saratoga Springs, he there commenced the study of the law in the office of Judge Esek Cowen, of the Supreme Court, who, with Chancellor Walworth and Vice-Chancellor Willard, then lived at Saratoga. He was for a short time a partner of the present Judge Bockes at Saratoga. Thence he went to Albany to become the partner of the late Nicholas Hill. In 1845 he came to New York, where he has since resided and practiced. For some fifteen years he was a partner with the present Judge Speir, and afterward with the late E. H. Owen. In January, 1874, he became the head of his present firm of Nash & Holt. His practice, though quite varied, has been mostly in matters of partnership, corporations, trusts, and wills, both in the State and Federal courts. He was senior counsel for the plaintiff in the suit of the St. Louis, Alton, and Terre Haute Railway Company *v.* Tilden *et al.*, lately settled by the defendant. His name appears in the first volume of the series of Reports of the Court of Appeals, of which seventy-four have been issued.

Mr. Nash has always taken an interest in the welfare of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and succeeded the late Murray Hoffman, about fifteen years ago, as a member of the Standing Committee of the Diocese, to which position he has been regularly re-elected ever since. In 1868 he was made a trustee of Columbia College and a vestryman of Trinity Church, and he was a delegate in the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church held in Boston in 1877.

The Bar Association was organized ten years ago. Mr. Nash was one of its founders, and a member of its first Executive Committee. Its object was "to maintain the honor and dignity of the profession of the law, to cultivate social intercourse among its members, and to increase its usefulness in promoting the due administration of justice." Among its founders were Mr. Secretary Evarts, Justice Rapallo of the Court of Appeals, Judges Davis, Barrett, and Lawrence of the Supreme Court, Judges Curtis, Speir, and Van Vorst of the Superior Court, John K. Porter, Clarkson N. Potter, Clarence A. Seward, E. W. Stoughton, Elbridge T. Gerry, William Allen Butler, Aaron J. Vanderpoel, F. N. Bangs, Joseph H. Choate, Benjamin K. Phelps, Samuel J. Tilden, Edwards Pierrepont, Ashbell Green, Sidney Webster, Francis F. Marbury, John E. Burrill, James W. Gerard, Jun., John McKeon, Edmund Randolph Robinson, Enoch L. Fancher, James C. Carter, and, indeed, most of those who attained to prominence in the profession. Its first president was Mr. Evarts, who has been re-elected every year up to the present, when his official duties as Secretary of State compelled him to decline a re-election. The Association has proved a great success. It is the largest and strongest organization of the kind in the United States. Its progress has been remarkable. From the most modest beginnings it has grown to have a library of some fifteen thousand volumes, costing over $40,000. It owns the spacious building at No. 7 West Twenty-ninth Street, costing $100,000, and is in every respect in a most flourishing condition. To be chosen to the presidency of such an association is the highest compliment that could be paid to the social position and professional standing of the new incumbent.



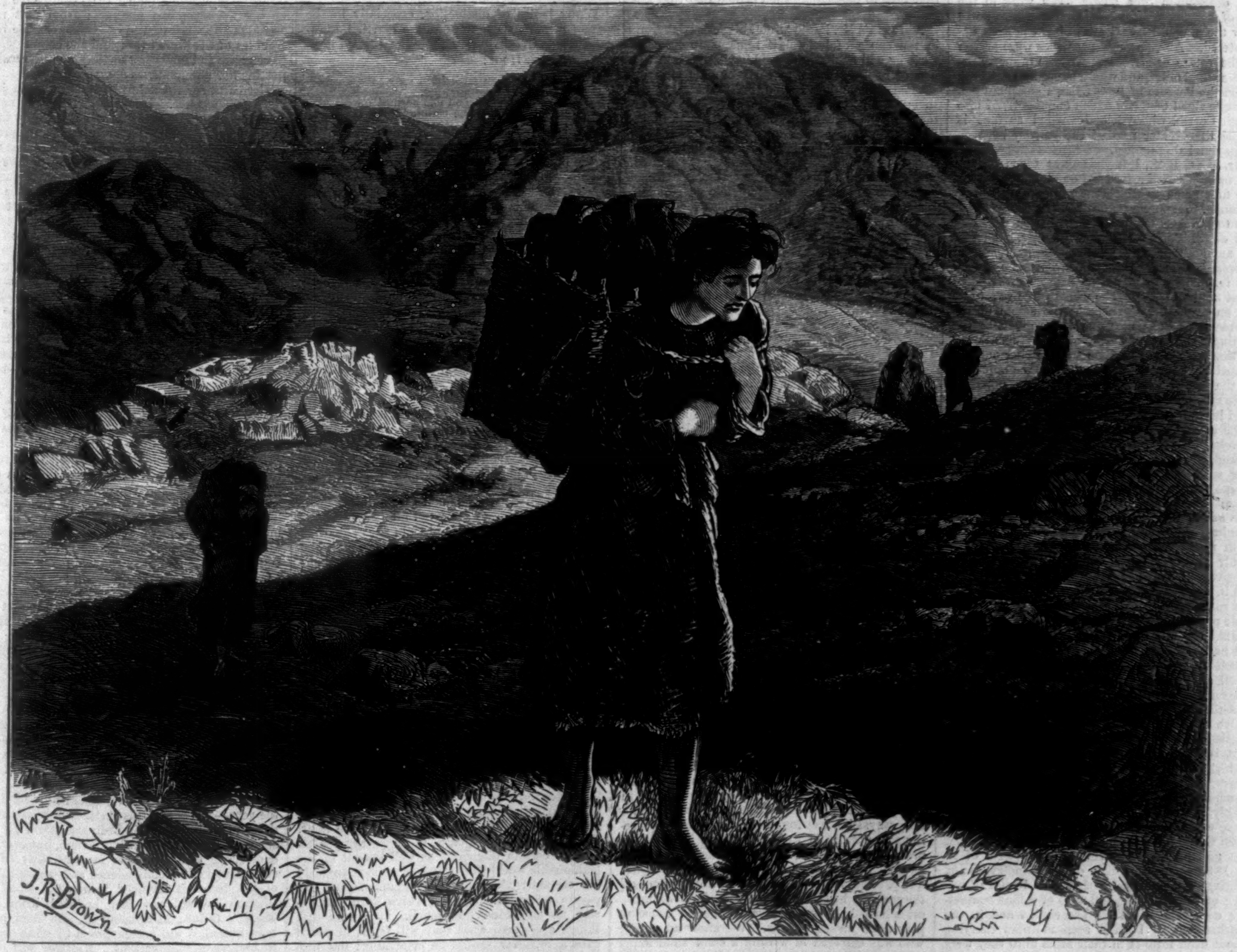
STEPHEN P. NASH, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK BAR ASSOCIATION.—Phot. by Ludovici.

IRELAND'S TROUBLES.

The accompanying sketch is from the pencil of an artist who is not only very familiar with Irish subjects, but who has made a large number of studies in that unhappy country since the beginning of her present period of trial and distress. There is a sort of edible sea-weed which grows on the Connemara sea-coast, called by the people "dillisk," and much sought after by them when a scanty harvest deprives them of the chance of better food. On a cold afternoon in December, while walking along the shores of Killery Bay, at Seenane, the artist watched a poor woman trying to gather enough of this weed to supply herself with a miserable meal. "Perhaps," he writes, "there was something in the background of barren mountain, gray sea, and stretch of stony beach covered with brown weed that made the scene impressive, but the lonely figure gleaning a scanty supper from the shore looked inexpressibly sad. She told me the old story of no work, no money, no provision. 'It would be a hard winter for the poor, indade, God help them!' Her husband, after nine weeks' journey in Scotland seeking work, had returned home poorer than he went. 'He's up in the mountain now for a basket of turf,' the poor creature added. 'I've three childer, and it's only three weeks old the youngest is itself. My ould mother lives with us too, and it's only last Sunday I buried my sister.' Having filled her can with weed, or perhaps in answer to the cries of a ragged urchin, she limped off, and soon disappeared into a wretched cabin, the door of which answered for both chimney and window."

We are all familiar with pictures and stories setting forth the manner in which rollicking Irishmen drive their pigs to market under many difficulties. Paddy now drives his pig to market in the same manner as of yore; but there is a sort of settled melancholy on his face, he looks terribly hungry, and the cruel cold searches him out through the manifold rents in his clothing. In many cases, alas! after standing several hours in the market, he drives his beast back unsold. What to do with the pig then becomes a problem, for without sufficient food for himself, his master has no means of keeping him, and if there is no purchaser to be found, it too often happens that he is sacrificed to the shop-keeper in payment for a long-standing debt.

It is a good feature in the present crisis that, contrary to all expectation, fuel has been plentiful. The weather during the latter part of last



THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND—PEAT-GATHERERS ON THE MOORS.

year was also unusually fine. Throughout the whole country the hills and bogs are filled with women and children carrying loads of turf upon their backs. The labor performed by some of the latter is astonishing. Little girls from twelve to fourteen years of age carry large baskets of this fuel, weighing about half a hundred-weight, from the bogs to the adjacent towns and villages. Sometimes they will receive a pittance amounting to a few halfpence, or perhaps the only payment will be a pint or two of coarse Indian meal.

Although it has been no part of the plan of Mr. Parnell and those whose desire to find some plan for mitigating the universal distress in Ireland has won them the titles of demagogues and agitators that the people should in any case act in defiance of the law, yet there has been violence in certain localities. The districts where the outbreaks have occurred, it is claimed by the English papers, are exactly conterminous with the limits of the agitation, which has not yet ceased, the continuance of fine mild weather, while a blessing to the poor, being also favorable for popular demonstrations. Perfect tranquillity, it is claimed, reigns in every portion of the country except in the west of Galway, Sligo, and Mayo, where the so-called demagogues have been most active. The time has come when landlords whose tenants are unable to pay any rent find themselves forced to take active measures of some kind, or to remain without an income. They seek redress at the hands of the law, and the people, who have been told to prepare for this contingency, and still hold the land, are in some instances offering the most strenuous resistance. They have sufficient legal knowledge to be aware that it is necessary that notices should be served a certain number of days before the sitting of the county courts, in order to entitle the owner to recover possession by ejectment, and that if they make it impossible to comply with the technical conditions, they may in all probability hold the land for another year. It is therefore a struggle between the officers of the law and its opponents, in which the issues are of material importance.

In anticipation of this difficulty the government increased the force of constabulary in certain places where notices were to be served, and the fact that the local force was strengthened was a sufficient warning to the tenants of what was coming. In some of the wildest districts along the western coast they took measures to defeat the design at all hazards, and attended in large numbers to intimidate the process-servers, whose calling is, at a time of popular excitement such as this, one of no ordinary danger. The historic name of Carrickshock, which is connected with the memory of a tragic occurrence in the south during what was called the "tithe war," suggests to the minds of all who are engaged in this most unwelcome duty the reality of the peril which they incur.

A description of a single day's work in the way of serving writs of eviction in Galway will show the difficulties that are to be at present encountered. About twenty processes were served on the estate of Mr. Martin, whose property extends several miles, and whose house and demesne are on the borders of Ross Lake, a small but picturesque sheet of water which empties itself into Lough Corrib, whose island-studded surface is visible the greater part of the journey between Galway and Oughterard.

Mr. Hill, R.M., left Galway at seven o'clock one morning with a force of one hundred police. The first place to which the police went was to Killanan. The programme of the reception which was to be accorded to them had been carefully laid down. The resident magistrate, who had the ammunition for all the constabulary, was to be seized, and the bailiff was to be taken in similar fashion by them, as the caprice of the moment might dictate. The whole force was to be led on by Father Coyne, and the signal of the approach of the police was to be given by the ringing of the chapel bell. The last-mentioned portion of the programme was carried out, the chapel bell being rung vigorously on the approach of the police toward Killanan. The opposing force mustered in considerable strength along the road leading to the houses where the service was to be effected. The high stone walls, somewhat loosely built on each side of the road, were attacked, and huge stones were hurled on the highway with the view of obstructing the passage of the police. Some posted themselves on the heights adjoining, and threw stones. One man, who had walked three miles with the police, was caught with a knife in his hand, with a piece of cloth round the handle to fix the weapon more firmly in his grasp. Fortunately an inspector discovered it before there was any temptation to use it, and wrested it from him. At points along the road the men closed round the police, but a little pressure with the muzzles of the guns soon cleared the way again. Father Coyne of course did not put in an appearance. The holdings on which the processes were served were generally small, and, with one or two exceptions, the cabins were miserable and wretched.

Although there are few districts in Ireland to which the term prosperous could ever have been applied at any period in her history, yet it seems that the greatest wretchedness is always to be looked for in the western portion. In parts of Kerry, Donegal, West Cork, Leitrim, and Roscommon there are, no doubt, many districts miserably poor, but Mayo and Galway are by far more wretched. If a line be drawn on the map from Galway Bay through Oughterard to Ballina, the greatest distress will be found west of it. In 1847 a correspondent of the London *Times*, writing of Mayo, speaks of "naked bodies of women on the road-side, and piles of coffins containing corpses left outside the cabins and in the market-places. I have seen mothers carrying about dead infants in their arms until they were putrid"—the last in the hope of exciting pity. Things may be very bad now, but it would be folly to represent them as in any way resembling this.

The main reason of the distress, which may be said to be chronic in Western Ireland, is unquestionably overpopulation, and the difference between the present and the former crisis may perhaps be accounted for by the smaller census. The climate is very bad, and there is little energy or capital wherewith to counteract its influences. The absenteeism of landlords has produced its worst effects, and there is little to encourage the most hopeful of inhabitants. The palliative supplied by the English demand for Connaught labor is, in fact, partial emigration. Agricultural depression has this year weakened the demand. Dr. Neilson Hancock, a very high authority, tells us, through the *Fortnightly Review*, that the loss to Mayo alone from this cause is not far short of £100,000. Such a fine must press very hardly upon people accustomed to live on a straw a day. Great numbers are always obliged to buy meal on credit, and to pay exorbitant interest on the debt. This is the "gombeen" system of which we have heard so much lately.

Among the plans and schemes for the relief of Western Ireland, so many of which are chimerical and absurd, there is now and then one that merits attention, and seems worthy of experiment. Such a one lies in the suggestion recently made by a Mr. Bagwell, that although Western Ireland will not sustain a great population, it would feed a very much larger number of cattle than it supports at present. Much of Western Connaught is suitable for trees as well as for cattle. Yet planting is practically non-existent throughout many wide tracts, although men are at their wits' ends for a stick. It is sometimes hard enough to get "scollops" for thatching, to say nothing of rafters. The poor are fain to use the smallest bushes, and drift-wood is greedily sought for. But the lords of barren mountains are seldom rich, and they can not afford to wait for slow returns. That trees would grow is proved by the fact that the islands in lakes are adorned with them, neither man nor beast having been able to arrest their growth. So convinced is Mr. Bagwell of the practicability of his scheme that he maintains that "if ever public money is laid out in the west, it should be upon forestry. Employment would be given by fencing and planting a certain acreage each year, and an ultimate profit would be realized, while the country would be benefited in many ways. There could be no great difficulty about acquiring land at a cheap rate. The Indian government has a forest department, and so have several Continental states. Emigration, however, in some form or other, seems a condition precedent to the creation of capital, and to the gradual improvement of a population which has yearly suffered extremity through the operation of neglect and ignorance added to geographical position and other natural causes. Agitators have an easy task in persuading such people that they are badly treated."

As regards Mr. Parnell and his fellow-laborers in the cause of Ireland, it remains to be seen what he will achieve during his visit here in the way of raising money to carry out his gigantic scheme of making Irishmen freeholders upon their own soil; but it is very significant how much of the influence of such men seems to depend upon their immediate presence. The English papers maintain that the interest in the great meetings held in Mayo and Galway has declined, and in some instances their promoters have found it hard to collect an audience. The men no longer "assemble in their thousands" as they did at first to hear Mr. Parnell, and the result of that gentleman's mission to America is not likely to give a greater impetus to the movement. Such of the papers as feel at liberty to comment upon the visit declare it to be a failure, and the silence observed by the Nationalist press on the subject is significant.

BUSY MEN.

Rapid workers have not time to get disgusted with their work, as those are apt to do who brood over it. Disgust is usually the product of leisure and reflection, and comes at a second stage. If the work be somewhat varied, the pleasure in connection with its completion is varied too. Hence, perhaps, is the reason why the total and sudden giving up of work is often attended with evil results. The transition from a life full of activity, and rich in the enjoyment of successful labor, to a life of absolute idleness, with no such vivid enjoyment, has often proved fatal. There is too little activity in the new life, and too little of the pleasure of activity. Idleness, without the excitement and pleasure of work, becomes depressing. The vital forces droop and decay. On the other hand, to the busy worker rest and recreation have a double relish. No holiday is so refreshing as that in which he runs away from his labors, and enjoys himself in quite a different scene.

Too much to do, besides its direct effect on the busy worker, exposes him to certain inconveniences apt to escape the notice of others. One of these is the effect produced on his memory. One who leads a rushing life, who has to hurry from one thing to another and from one person to another without a moment's interval, can not have a vivid remembrance of many things that happen in his experience. He is necessarily liable to forget, in a way that another can not understand. Many a busy physician has found himself at times in serious trouble from this cause. He has made a promise to a patient, but before the promise had hardened in his memory some exciting case has hurried him away, obliterated the impression, and the promise has been forgotten. Authors' memories have been known, from a similar cause, to play them strange tricks. We know an author who was engaged in writing a book amid many other absorbing occupations. For some weeks the book had to be laid aside. When leisure came he resumed it, as he thought, at the point where he had broken it off, and got through a considerable chapter, when to his mingled amazement and amusement he found in his drawer another manuscript almost precisely similar, the existence of which he had quite forgotten. So strange and incredible are these tricks of memory that sometimes the most honest of men, if examined in a court of justice, would hardly be believed. The *non mi ricordo* would hardly be accepted by those who have had little experience of the difficulty of carrying in the memory impressions which have not had time to photograph themselves on its tablets, or have been blurred by other impressions following too quickly.

If a busy man is guilty of some neglect, leisurely people are apt to fancy an intentional slight where nothing of the kind was dreamed of. In the case of such a man there is a twofold reason for applying the rule which Elizabeth Barrett, in one of her letters to Mr. Horne, thus gracefully acknowledged: "In one letter was something about neglect; you told me never to fancy a silence into a neglect. Was I likely to do it? Was there any room for even fancy to try? That would be still more surprising than the fact of your making room for a thought of me in the multitude of your occupations."

THE DREAM AND THE WAKING.

By ANNIE THOMAS.

Beside a little trickling rill
  A poet once lay sleeping,
And through his brain, as he was still,
  Were active fancies creeping.
The girl he loved was his to-day;
  With a reed he turned the river;
His verses won a crown of bay,
  And Sappho was the giver.

O happy dream! O cruel dream!
  O impotent endeavor!
The willow reed ne'er stopped the stream
  That rolled along forever;
Nor did the bard attain the fame
  He dreamed about that morning;
Nor did the maiden change her name,
  But still his love kept scorning.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone,"
"Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word,"
"Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER V.

MATTHEW HELSTON'S ERRAND.

When ladies of distinction, especially in the way of pecuniary endowment, are married nowadays, one is irresistibly reminded of certain lines by dear Leigh Hunt:

"Have you seen an heiress
  In her jewels mounted,
That her wealth and she seemed one,
  And she could be counted?"

So much more fuss is made about the jewels than the bride. Moreover, when she goes to her cousin the marquis's hereditary castle for her honeymoon—which she generally does in preference to any of the stately halls which she possesses of her own—she is closely followed by a select band of London burglars, who, sooner or later, steal her jewels.

This is so much a matter of course that I am told the incident has now its regular record in certain memoranda which of old had their place in family Bibles: "Augusta Wilhelmina: born March 16; married May 1; diamonds abstracted May 14," etc. It may be mere rumor as to the date being thus recorded, but at all events the diamonds go the way I have described. The only way to avoid it is to keep them in an iron safe weighing forty tons or so, and requiring a special train for its conveyance, when the following circumstances take place. The poor thieves come down after the swag, and by immense subtlety and great physical activity obtain an entrance into the bridal chamber at dinner-time; they work like horses, and in the most scientific manner, for four hours, and are found completely exhausted and covered with iron-mould by the lady's-maid at 11 P.M., when they are given into the hands of the police. The iron-safe plan, in short, answers admirably in the marquis's castle, where the walls are sixteen feet thick, and the floors in proportion; but when the heiress comes to town it is impracticable: what first floor in London will carry an iron safe weighing forty tons—not to mention the precious stones inside it? There are then but two courses open to her. First, she may make up her mind to lose her jewels; or second, she may send them to her jewellers to keep for her. Most heiresses adopt the latter course. They appear at the Palace Ball in a blaze of diamonds, and on their return home consign them to a gentleman-in-waiting from Messrs. Pearl & Garnet, who gives his receipt for the same, and takes them off in a cab, to place them in the firm's strong-box.

It was on an embassage of this kind that Matthew Helston was now starting in a hansom cab from Cavendish Grove, armed in the manner that has been described, and at so untimely an hour. He was about to be placed in temporary possession of certain diamonds as well known in the fashionable world (for everybody who is anybody has certainly heard of "the Pargiter parure") as Goodwood race-course, and which were worth—well, no one knew how much. It is said that things are worth what they will fetch, in which case a retriever should be invaluable; but probate duty as on £25,000 had been paid upon them by their present possessor. Some crowned heads doubtless possessed finer ones, though it was the opinion of Mr. Signet (of the great firm of Star & Signet) that all are not diamonds that glitter upon royal brows; that Eastern monarchs in particular would be very unwise to endeavor to realize on their hereditary jewels at the pawnbroker's, and that *they know it*. This, however, is a trade secret; and, besides, the jewels with which our story concerns itself had never been farther east than Whitechapel. It was there that the late Mr. Ingot—Kensington Ingot, he was called, because of the pecuniary accommodation he had occasionally afforded to a certain eminent personage—had had his modest abode, till he suddenly blossomed into the millionaire. It was said that he had taken the diamonds, instead of specie payment, from a certain monarch in the neighborhood of the Mediterranean Sea, who had got into debt from a patriotic weakness for more iron-clads than he could either man or pay for, and that never being able to dispose of them save at a dead loss, Mr. Ingot had "stuck to them," and settled them on his only daughter.

While this lady was yet "fancy-free," or at all events had not indulged her fancy by marrying anybody, there were persons so ill-mannered as to call her "Miss Kilmansegge," which, as her father said (though it was doubtful whether he had ever read that famous poem), they "didn't ought" to have done. For, unlike Hood's heroine, she possessed the usual number of legs, and was by no means a ninny. So far from marrying a nondescript foreign nobleman, she had taken to herself for husband that well-known English gentleman and patron of sport Mr. Charles Pargiter. He was a handsome young fellow of good family, and though people said he married her for her money, we shall not repeat such a scandal. Doubtless he would not have wedded her as a mere virgin of forty-six without a penny; but let us charitably suppose his motives were mixed. She was not exactly handsome, from the circumstance that nature had originally intended her (as I believe) for a horse, and only changed its views just in time—where the chin began. Her nose, which she had inherited along with so much else, was tremendous; and when excited she would snort in an undeniably equine manner. Her own impression was that she had the Austrian or Hapsburg nose: it may be so, but in that case the Hapsburgs might congratulate themselves on having got rid of it. Heiress though she was, she thought less of wealth than of good blood and long descent. No sooner was she married than she began to move heaven and earth to procure a title for her husband, for which, to say truth, he was himself so little desirous that he is said to have used some very strong language upon finding himself one morning, thanks to his wife's unremitting exertions, and her influence in a certain borough, Sir Charles Pargiter.

Her ladyship, however, was delighted; nothing (unless it had been a higher title) could have given her such genuine pleasure; from that moment, as she confessed to her intimates, the real troubles of life were over; and she should never have cause to know what anxiety was—if it were not for her diamonds.

Her cares for the safety of these precious jewels consumed her. Into the country she never took them; no iron safe was safe enough for their custody in her opinion; and in London the proud consciousness that, when attired in them, she was wearing a thousand pounds per annum forever, was almost negatived by the knowledge that a great many persons were desirous of securing that income, and that to possess themselves of her diamonds would be the shortest way to it. She was not afraid of their being snatched off her ears and neck, and appropriated by force; but if they lay in her jewel case at home in Moor Street, even for an hour—that is, if Matthew Helston was early when he brought them, or late in fetching them away—she became a prey to hideous apprehensions, for which Matthew's receipt, on behalf of Messrs. Star & Signet, was the only balm. From that moment she ceased to be responsible, and did not care what happened to them—or to Matthew.

It was not of course to be expected that a lady in her position *should* care what became of the "person" from Star & Signet when once removed from her presence; but her obvious indifference about the matter galled him. I am ready to admit that there is something—perhaps one-tenth of the force ascribed to it—in Heredity; and it is possible that some of the radical blood in old Roger Helston's veins had found its way into those of his nephew. Anyhow, Matthew entertained certain pestilent notions concerning equality—or superiority—and in his heart of hearts thought himself quite as good as her ladyship—or better. That was his thought, whereas, as our Lancashire friends say, "*her* thought was different." He was in her sight a mere machine, a self-acting sort of safe for jewel-keeping; and if not made of iron, of something that didn't suffer from cold, or hunger, or the being kept up till five o'clock in the morning. Her ladyship herself, however, sat up as late (though she had not to be at *her* desk punctually at 10 A.M.), and what will settle the matter of Matthew's grievances in this matter at once to most minds—he was paid for it. The custody of her jewels cost Lady Pargiter at least £200 per annum, so far as Star & Signet were concerned—in whose possession, by-the-bye, they remained nine-tenths of the year—and out of this Matthew received something in addition to his ordinary salary for this strange sort of night-work. When, however, you considered the enormous responsibility of the charge, and the inconvenience and unhealthiness of the duties it involved, it was but small pay (though he did not feel justified, after poor Madge's failure, in refusing it), and then, as we have hinted, it was accompanied by what seemed to him to be humiliations. Matthew was proud in his way, though the fact was difficult to explain. It was not of his birth (though he was far better born than Lady Pargiter); nor of his talents, for they might as well (and better) have been in a napkin, for what they had done for him: it was, in fact, from the circumstance that Sabey loved him. For that being the case (not to mention the esteem in which he was held by Amy and Uncle Stephen), it was plain he could not be a worthless fellow. It was therefore a slight upon his wife's judgment—and almost upon herself—that he should be treated "like dirt" by anybody. I dare say his deplorable social views also tended to what he doubtless considered to be a source of self-respect, but which (as will be perceived) was mere baseless pretension; and it may be added, in further excuse, that disappointment often makes its victims morbid. But it was certain that he held Lady Pargiter in great disfavor, and with so much superfluity of dislike that he even hated himself while dancing attendance upon her in Moor Street. The very jewels of which he was on these occasions the unwilling custodian became baneful in his eyes, but at the same time exercised over him the strangest fascination. While engaged in this service they monopolized his thoughts to the exclusion of Madge herself, and even at other times (which she now never did) would often form the subject of his talk. Mr. Signet, for some reason of his own, which he did not choose to explain, but which I have reason to believe was well founded, objected to this. "I wish, Mr. Helston, you would not let your mind run so much upon those Pargiter diamonds," he would sometimes say. "When you have brought them home, and put them in our strong-box, please to remember that they are neither yours nor mine, and have done with them."

It was perhaps only natural that the sense of going about with £25,000 in his pocket should be somewhat oppressive to Matthew: for even if Lady Pargiter felt it, how much more was it likely to affect (by the mere sense of contrast) a man so poor as he!

But it was not only the consciousness of their value which thus affected him; they seemed absolutely to exercise over him a maleficent influence, such as the opal, and not the diamond, is fabled to do. He kept this morbid feeling to himself, of course; indeed, he was not only ashamed, but afraid of it; for being quite convinced of its baselessness (whenever he reasoned with himself about it), he felt that the possession of it argued something wrong in his own mental economy, which he was quite aware his hopes and fears in connection with Madge had strained to the uttermost. Doubtless the sense of being the unwilling slave of this inanimate object, just as the genius in Aladdin was the slave of the ring, invested it with a certain mysterious power. If it had been even a dumb creature, but with life in it, his position with respect to it would have seemed to him more intelligible; but to think that for this mere heap of stones he should be dragged from home and Sabey at so weird an hour, and exposed to degradations, not only offended his manhood, but excited his imagination in rather a curious manner. The mere danger of such expeditions—though there was great danger, since the nature of his errands was no secret—did not at all affect him; the driver of the cab (he always employed the same man) was a trusty fellow, who had come from his own part of the country, and was well known to him; and he himself, as we have seen, always carried a revolver with "six men's lives" in it in his breast pocket; but looked at from whatever point of view, his visits to Moor Street were paid under very unpleasant circumstances, and it was natural that he should shrink from them. It would be perhaps too much to say that the presentiment of any catastrophe in connection with the Pargiter diamonds was actually in his mind; but they did oppress it in a manner that his common-sense resented, and yet was unable to conquer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR FOREFATHERS.

"Explain old codes, and wisely shew
The good effect of statutes blue,
Beneath whose stern control the swain
Might never swear or drink in vain;
Whose rule the nuptial kiss restrains
On Sabbath-day in legal chains;
And should some youth, in daring brunt,
Answer with oath the dire affront,
Enriched by pettifogging toil,
The parish battens on the spoil;
And should the rash offender fail
To pay the fine or find his bail,
In cloven stick his tongue must rest
Till ev'ning shades embrown the west."

MR. ABBEY has selected for the subject of the striking picture which adorns our front page one of the customs of good old Puritan times. Among our ancestors of New England a religious service was not a thing to be attended or let alone according to caprice. The necessity of putting in an appearance at public worship rested upon each colonist with the weight of military discipline. In the early Plymouth days every house opened on Sunday morning at the tap of the drum. The men in "sad-colored mantles," and armed to the teeth, the women in sober gowns, kerchiefs, and hoods, all assembled in front of the captain's house. Three abreast, they marched up the hill to the meeting-house, where every man set down his musket within easy reach. The elders and deacons took their seats in a "long pue" in front of the preacher's desk, facing the congregation. The old men, the young men, and the young women each had their separate place. The boys were gravely perched on the pulpit stairs or in the galleries, and had a constable or tithing-man to keep them in order.

The first "meeting-houses" in our land consisted of a single room, perhaps twenty by thirty-six feet in size, and twelve feet high "in the stud." The roof was either shingled or thatched with long grass. It was a great advance when they were able to have it "lathed on the inside, and so daubed and whitened over workman-like." They were afterward built with a pyramidal roof surmounted with a belfry. The bell-rope hung from the centre, and the sexton performed his office half way between the pulpit and the large entrance door. Such a meeting-house, built in 1681, still stands in Hingham, Massachusetts.

Within these rude buildings the light came straggling through little diamond-shaped window-panes weirdly gilding the wolf heads—trophies of the year's conquests. As glass was scarce, oiled paper was sometimes used in its stead. The service began with a long prayer, and was followed by a reading and expounding of the Scriptures, a psalm, lined by one of the ruling elders, from AINSWORTH's version, which they brought over with them, and a sermon. Instrumental music was absolutely proscribed, as condemned by the text (Amos, v. 23), "I will not hear the melody of thy viols," and one tune for each metre was all these good old fathers needed. Those now known as "York," "Hackney," "Windsor," "St. Mary's," and "Martyrs" were the standard stock, and they were intoned with a devout zeal almost forgotten in these modern times of organs and trained choirs.

The approved length of the sermon was an hour, and the sexton turned the hour-glass, which stood upon the desk before the minister. But woe to the unlucky youngster whose eyelids drooped in slumber! The ever-vigilant constables, with their wands tipped on one extremity with the foot and on the other with the tail of a hare, brought the heavier end down sharply on the little nodding flaxen head. The care-worn matron who was betrayed into a like offense was gently reminded of her duty by a touch on the forehead with the softer end of the same stick. After the sermon came the weekly contribution. The congregation, sternly solemn, marched to the front, the chief men or magistrates first, and deposited their offerings in the money-box held by one of the elders or deacons. The occupants of the galleries also came down, and, marching two abreast up one aisle and down another, paid respect to the church treasury in money, paper promises, or articles of value, according to their ability. Among other provisions made or recommended for the support of the pastor, we find the following: "1662.—The court proposeth it as a thing they judge would be very commendable and beneficiall to the townes where God's Providence shall cast any whales, if they should agree to sett apart some p'te of every such fish or oyle for the encouragement of an able and godly minister among them."

The endeavor among our Puritan ancestors was to shape their conduct literally according to Scriptural injunctions. With them there was no question that authority to punish offenses should be vested in the church. Discipline it was called, and so far as humiliation and disgrace were concerned, an unfortunate offender might better have been in the hands of a court of law. Among the documents that have been preserved, commenting on the "Blue Laws of New Haven," is a satirical pamphlet wherein the writer explains:

> "You have doubtless observed that the Dissenters in New England have a *discipline* among them as is very shocking to many fine gentlemen and ladies too. If a gentleman drinks a little too freely, or happens to love a pretty girl somewhat too warmly, nothing will content these rigid bigots but they must stand on a *stool of repentance*, or in the *broad alley*, and make a *long whining confession*. Now you know that this rigorous discipline is chiefly levelled and contrived to *pester* and afflict polite gentlemen, to whom women and wine are far from being disagreeable now and then. Indeed, I have heard that some of them begin to be ashamed of their *blue laws at New Haven*, yet they still retain so many penances, confessions, and satisfactions as are extremely disagreeable to every polite gentleman."

The manner in which the morals of the younger members of the community were watched over is shown by a most ludicrous case tried in a court held on the 1st of May, 1660. There had been a wedding, and under the general festivity and excitement JACOB MURLINE had refused to surrender a pair of gloves unless SARAH TURTLE would kiss him. The young lady had also made use of certain expressions which were considered to have an improper significance. Both parties were cited to appear before the Governor. JACOB was asked what he had to say to the accusation. "To this he answered that he was in the other roome, and when he heard SARAH speak those words he went in, when shee having let fall her gloves, he tooke them up, and she asked him for them, and he told her he would if she would kysse him. Further said hee tooke her by the hand, and they both sat down upon a chest, but whether his arme were about her waiste, and her arme upon his shoulder or about his neck, he knows not, for he never thought of it since, till Mr. RAYMOND told him of it at Mannatos, for which he was blamed, and told he had not layde it to heart as he ought. But SARAH replied that she did not kysse him."

It appears, however, that the "kysse" was proved. JACOB is reprimanded by the Governor, and told that his carriage "hath been very evil and sinful so to carry it toward her, and to make such a light matter of it as not to think of it (as he exprest) doth greatly aggravate." SARAH is also reprimanded, and brought to such repentance that she professes herself "sorry that shee had carried it so sinfully and foolishly, which she saw to be hateful. She hoped God would help her to carry it better for time to come." All parties who were in the house, or witnessed the offense, are soundly scolded; the Court declares it "a thing to be lamented that young people should have their meetings to the corrupting of themselves and one another;" and JACOB and SARAH are fined twenty shillings.

Among the documents that remain to us from these early days, none are more curious than the confessions of offenders who have been brought to repentance. One Mr. NATHANIEL EATON and his wife were brought before the General Court at Boston to answer for their misdemeanors in regard to the food furnished the students at old Harvard. The following is a portion of Mrs. EATON's confession:

> "For their breakfast, that it was not so well ordered, the flower not so fine as it might, nor so well boiled or stirred, at all times that it was so it was my sin and neglect, and want of care that ought to have been in one that the Lord had intrusted with such a work. Concerning their beef that was allowed them as they affirm, which I confess it had been my duty to have seen that they should have had it, and continued to have had it, because it was my husband's command; but truly I must confess to my shame I can not remember that ever they had it, nor that ever it was taken from them. And that they had not so good or so much provision in my husband's absence as presence, I conceive it was because he would call sometimes for butter and cheese when I conceived there was no need of it; yet for as much as the scholars did otherwise apprehend, I desire to see the evil that was in the carriage of that as well as in the other, and to take shame to myself for it. And that they sent down for more when they had not enough, and the maid should answer, if they had not, they should not, I must confess that I have denied them cheese when they have sent for it, and it have been in the house, for which I shall humbly beg pardon of them, and own the same, and confess my sin."

The poor lady goes on accusing herself, until the hearts of the students, however much their stomachs had suffered from want of food, must certainly have been touched.

There were no offenses that our forefathers looked after more sharply than those of the tongue. "Scolds," says JOSSELYN, writing of the old "Body of Laws of 1646," "they gag and set them at their doors for certain hours, for all comers and goers by to gaze at." "Ducking in running water" is also mentioned as a punishment for this class of offenders. PHILIP RATCLIFFE, of the colony, was sentenced to "be whipped, have his ears cut off, fined forty shillings, and banished out of the limits of the jurisdiction, for uttering malicious and scandalous speeches against the government and the court of Salem." As to the "prophanely behaved" person who lingered "without dores att the meeting-house on the Lord's daies" to indulge in social chat, or even to steal a quiet nap, he was "admonished" by the constables; on a second offense "sett in the stockes," and if his moral sense was still perverted, he was summoned before the courts. If any man should dare to interrupt the preacher, or falsely charge the minister with error "in the open face of the church," or otherwise make "God's ways contemptible and ridiculous, every such person or persons (whatsoever censure the church may passe) shall for the first scandall be convented and reproved openly by the magistrates at some Lecture, and bound to their good behaviour. And if the second time they breake forthe into the like contemptuous carriages, they shall either pay five pounds to the publique Treasure or stand two houres openly upon a block or stoole four foott high uppon a Lecture day, with a paper fixed on his Breast written with capitalle letters, *An open and obstinate contemner of God's holy ordinances*."

But it would be wrong to infer, as is too often done, that in Puritan days life was all labor and discipline and atonement for error. There were many simple amusements, and abundant opportunities for social pleasures given by apple-parings, quiltings, and other entertainments of like character. There were weddings, and family gatherings, and the great feast of Thanksgiving-day. Children were welcomed into the world in those days. Such occasions brought them all under the roof of the old homestead. "Sometimes," as HOLLISTER tells us, "there were so many that the house would scarcely hold them; but the dear old grandmother, whose memory could hardly keep the lengthening record of their births, and whose eye, dim with tears and age, could never see which child to love best, welcomed each with a trembling hand and overflowing heart."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

CONSIDERING how many thousands of people are daily transported on the ferry-boats of the North and East rivers, it is remarkable not that there are so many but rather that there are so few accidents from collisions. We give little thought to the difficulties and dangers attending the passage of a ferry-boat across the East River, for example; it is an every-day affair, and seldom does a passenger realize how much skill and care is needful safely to navigate so swift and narrow a stream, crowded as it constantly is with vessels of every description. But the dangers of this little trip, and the skill and watchfulness necessary to avoid them, are well known, so that there is no good reason why the most rigid precautions should not be adopted. The difficulties experienced in navigating the river at Fulton Ferry are continually increasing, in consequence of the growing number of small craft plying up and down. It has been stated that the number of passengers carried daily by the five ferries of the Union Ferry Company is about 112,000, one-half of whom are transported by the Fulton Ferry. The responsibility of the safety of this vast multitude is a profoundly serious one, and involves incessant care, and tried and trusted skill. A short time ago the pilot of one of the Fulton Ferry boats was found insensible at his wheel, and died in a few moments. There were about 1500 passengers on board, and fortunately the boat had not left the slip, the condition of the pilot having been discovered in consequence of no signal being given by him to start the engine. If this event had occurred in mid-river, the consequences might have been terrible; and the future employment of two pilots, or an assistant, who will be on duty with the pilot, is a safeguard for which arrangements were immediately made, and which certainly seems only prudent. The recent collision between a Grand Street ferry-boat and the steamer *Olyphant*, and the subsequent sinking of the steamer in consequence of injuries received, is only another proof of the dangers attending navigation in the crowded East River.

The annual rumors of a failure of the ice crop are in vigorous circulation, and it is true that this year there seems more reason than usual to apprehend that the ordinary amount will not be gathered in this vicinity. Nevertheless there is no scarcity of ice in the New England States, particularly in Maine, where the thermometer has recorded 20°, and more, below zero, several times this winter. Moreover, the disheartened ice-gatherers should remember that many good crops of ice have been cut after February 1; and if the indications of the famous Kentucky goose-bone are worthy of credit, our cold weather will come this year toward spring.

After a tedious trial of more than three months the Rev. H. H. Hayden, charged with the murder of Mary Stannard, was practically acquitted of the crime. Law and science were alike taxed in the investigations made in connection with this remarkable case; but the evidence was circumstantial, and involved so many conflicting points that it was impossible to bring the jury to an agreement, and eleven of them stood for the acquittal of the accused, and one for conviction of murder in the second degree. It will be a relief hereafter to miss from the daily papers the unprofitable and disagreeable reports of this long-pending case.

Not long ago there was published a list of all the liquor shops in the city where alcoholic spirits are sold without a license, and in violation of the law. The number was no less than 963. There are some of these places whose proprietors have never had a license, and yet liquor is sold all the same year after year in them.

The leading feature of the Martha Washington Reception, which took place at the Academy of Music on January 20, was the representation, in four tableaux, of "Benjamin Franklin at the Court of France, 1778." The costumes were those of the reign of Louis XVI. Each tableau had four changes, so that sixteen pictures were presented. The music of the evening included the new national anthem "Columbia," performed by an orchestra of one hundred pieces. The reception was given under the auspices of the St. John's Guild, in aid of the Sea-side Nursery.

About one hundred and fifty children will appear at the "Children's Carnival," which occurs on February 9, at the Academy of Music. A ball for older folks follows the Carnival, which is given for the benefit of the Western Dispensary.

As a result of a recent investigation of statistics in reference to Indians in the United States, it has been found that since the organization of the government 929 treaties have been made with 327 tribes or bands of Indians. The total number of Indians on reservations, according to later census returns, is about 240,000, and the extent of their reservations is 236,559 square miles, or 151,397,768 acres. This would give every Indian, young and old, nearly one square mile of ground. These figures include the Indian Territory, the population of which is placed at 75,000, and its area at over 41,000,000 acres. In Dakota, 27,000 Indians have nearly 35,000,000 acres, or over two square miles for each Indian. The 22,000 Indians in Montana have over 34,000 acres, while the 3000 in Colorado have nearly 12,000,000 acres, or about six square miles for every Indian.

Two persons were killed and several injured by an explosion which occurred on the steamer *Greece*, of the National Line, as she lay in her dock at Hoboken. It was probably caused by the spontaneous ignition of coal gas when the hatches were opened. It is well known that under certain circumstances bituminous coal is liable to ignite spontaneously. When heated, a large quantity of gas is generated, and if kept confined this becomes a very dangerous compound when suddenly mixed with common air.

A movement has been made for establishing in this city an institution for commerce in horses, on the general principles which govern the famous "Tattersall's," of London. It will be known by the name of "The American Horse Exchange, limited."

We are informed that some "eminent savants"—names not given—have discovered that Adam, the progenitor of the human race, was an American, and first saw the light of day in Peru or Bolivia.

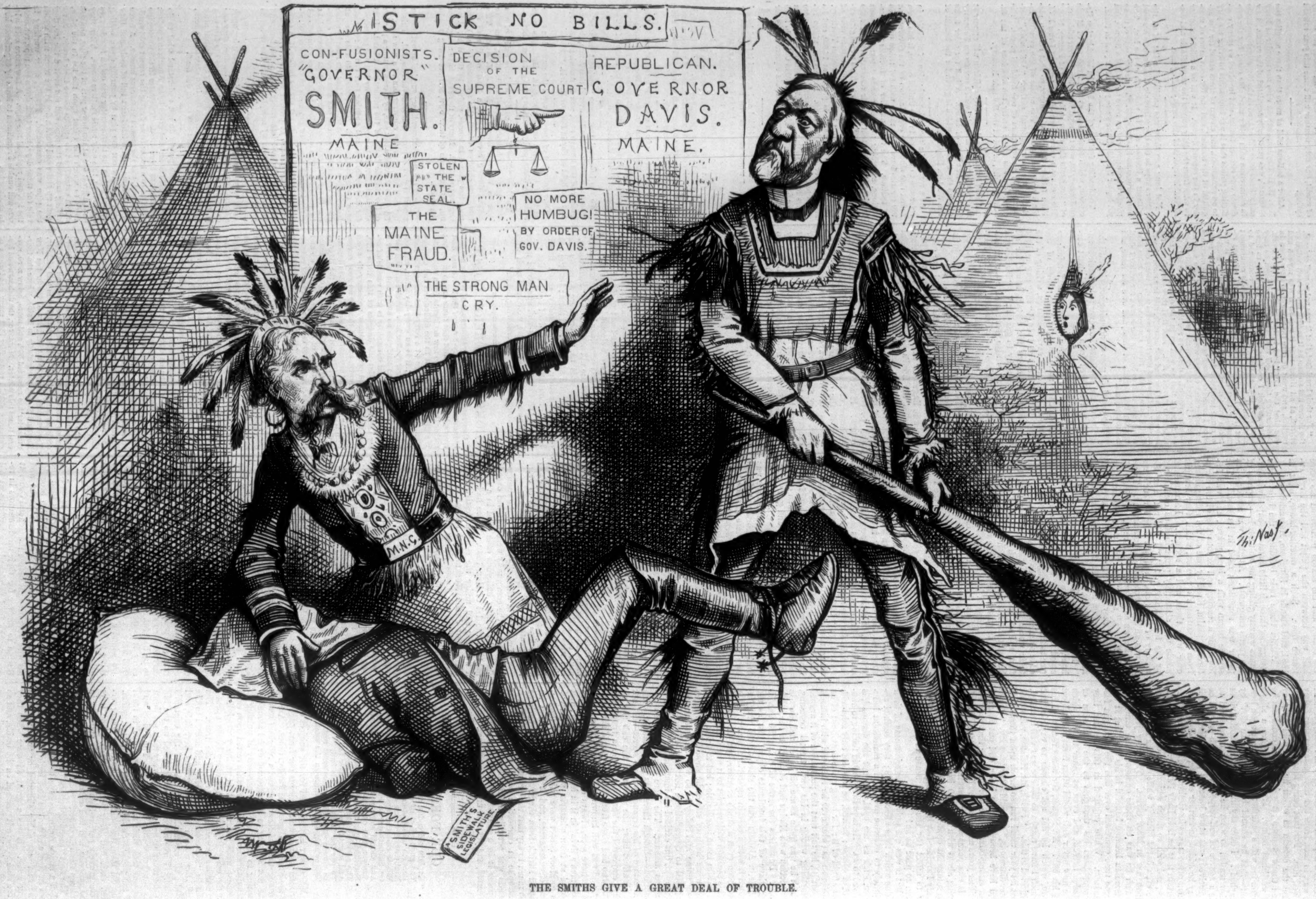
Over four feet of snow covered the ground in some parts of California on January 12. Buildings were seriously damaged by the heavy weight upon them.

The best "New-Year's party" we have heard of was made up of one hundred homeless children, who were sent to Western homes by Mrs. J. J. Astor. This makes, during seven years, a total number of 677 homeless children whom this generous friend of the poor has placed in homes, mainly in the West, at an expense of $9750. Many of these lads have now grown up, having farms of their own, and are doing well in the world.

One of the most extraordinary surgical operations on record is now in process at Bellevue Hospital. This is nothing less than the construction of a new nose, to take the place of a lost one, by transplanting a portion of the middle finger of the patient's left hand. It is said that there is in surgical history but one precedent for this operation, and nothing that can be regarded as a complete parallel. The patient in this case at Bellevue is a young man who had lost his nose by some disease resembling cancer, and was exceedingly desirous to try any experiment whereby that organ might be restored. The operation, which was commenced several weeks ago, now promises to be successful, although some time must yet elapse before it is completed. The patient at present lies in the surgical ward, with his hand immovably fixed to his face, and under the influence of morphia, while the union is progressing.

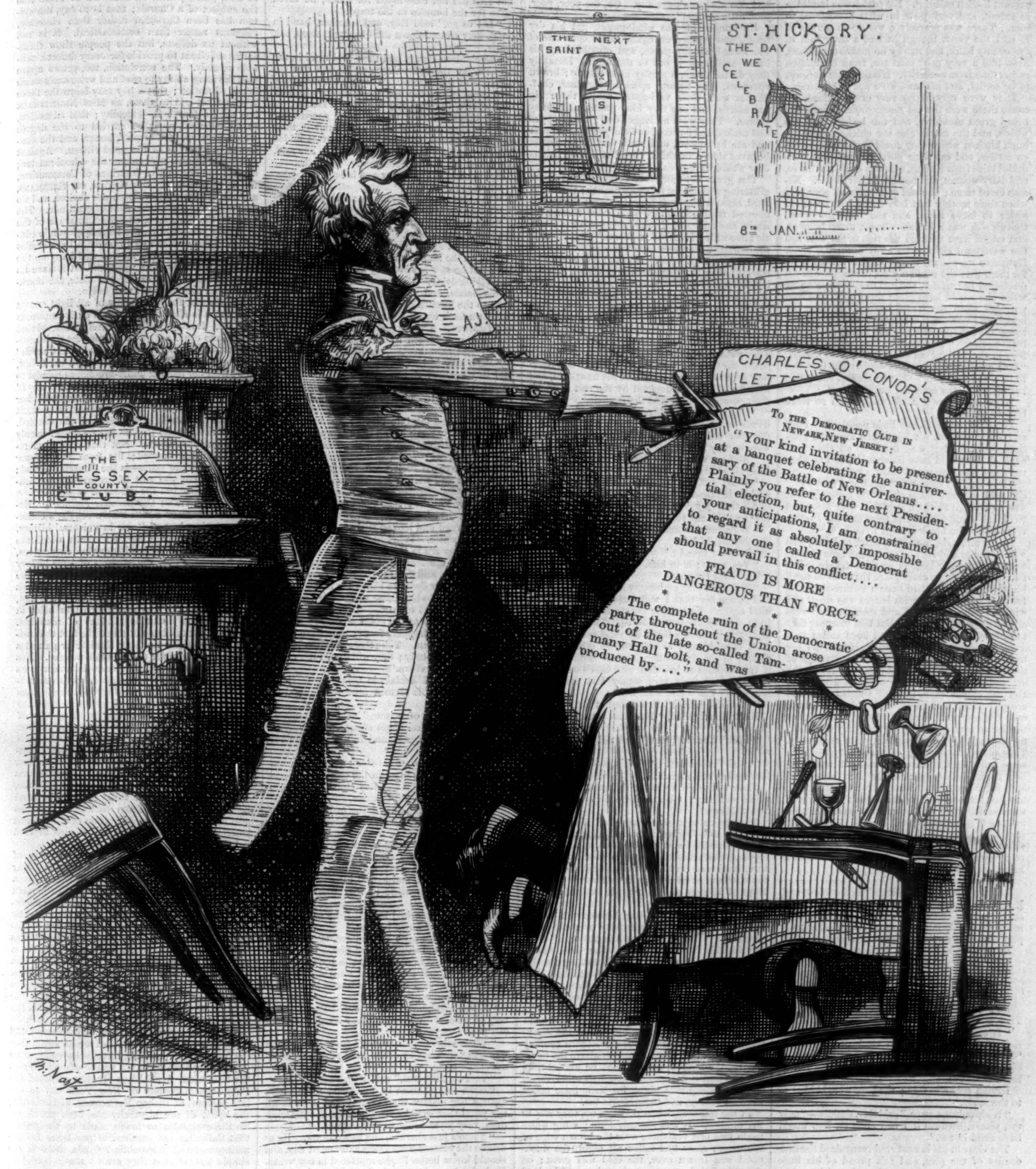
Those reckless persons who persist in jumping upon a ferry-boat after it has started from the dock may one day come to an untimely end. Such was the fate of a young man who in his haste not long ago leaped after a boat, and rebounding from the iron edge of the deck, fell into the water, and was taken out dead.

The French people do not understand what to do with ice, if the account given by an American resident in Paris is to be credited. The water in the waste-pipe attached to a house froze during the recent cold spell, as, indeed, was the case in numerous houses. A force of men came with a hand-cart full of tools, and they tried to thaw out the pipe by pouring down boiling water; but as the thermometer was only a few degrees above zero, this only made matters worse. Then they built a great fire at the lower part of the pipe, and sat down to watch the effect upon the ice in the pipe, which extended two stories above their heads. After having cracked the pipe, and not melted the ice, they went up stairs and built a fire in the room with which the pipe was connected. Finally, after working in vain for three days, they took down the pipe, removed the ice, and replaced the pipe. A few more cold winters will enable Frenchmen to learn by experience how to manage ice.


STICK NO BILLS.
CON-FUSIONISTS. "GOVERNOR" SMITH. MAINE
DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT
REPUBLICAN. GOVERNOR DAVIS. MAINE.
STOLEN THE STATE SEAL.
THE MAINE FRAUD.
NO MORE HUMBUG! BY ORDER OF GOV. DAVIS.
THE STRONG MAN CRY.
M.N.C.
SMITH'S SIDEWALK LEGISLATURE
Th: Nast.

THE SMITHS GIVE A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE.

POWHATAN BLAINE. "Just let me give him one whack to show how *strong* I am." POCAHONTAS CHAMBERLAIN. "No, don't, Jim; you'll make a mess of it."



TO THE DEMOCRATIC CLUB IN NEWARK, NEW JERSEY:

"Your kind invitation to be present at a banquet celebrating the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans.... Plainly you refer to the next Presidential election, but, quite contrary to your anticipations, I am constrained to regard it as absolutely impossible that any one called a Democrat should prevail in this conflict....

FRAUD IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN FORCE.

* * * *

The complete ruin of the Democratic party throughout the Union arose out of the late so-called Tammany Hall bolt, and was produced by...."

NOT AN APPETIZER.

A. JACKSON. "By the Eternal, no more Eighth of January Dinners for me!"

BIRDS IN THE SNOW.

I.

THERE was a very hard winter in the world. It was a hard winter everywhere, and the snow fell over land and sea so heavily, so blindingly, so continually, that ships were wrecked, trains were blocked, posts were stopped, and traffic well-nigh came to an end in many of the districts even of Southern England, and how much more in the always cold bleak North! Even down in Devon snow was deep and ice was thick—even in mild, moist Devon, where mostly in winter-time the roses blow, and the south winds too, and all is green at Yule.

Some little people who lived at an old vicarage on the Dart River did not know what to make of it. None of them, except Ray, the eldest, who was seven years old, had ever seen snow lie on the ground at all; he had, and knew all about it, because he had spent a Christmas-tide on the moors of the East Riding with his godmother; but his brothers and sisters, Rob and Tam and Dickie, and the little twins Susie and Nellie, never had seen the earth white in this way before, and they were very much delighted and very much alarmed, which is a state of mind that has its pleasures at all ages, and its pains too.

These six little mortals lived in a vicarage, and their father was the vicar, and mother—alas for them!—they had none, for she had gone away into the sky (so they were told), when little Susie and Nellie came down from there on to earth. "Perhaps it is the down off mamma's wings," said little Rob, who could remember her very well, and cried for her still, when he saw the fine snow-flakes come falling down through the air. "If she had wings, I am sure she would come to us," said Ray, wistfully looking up. "I don't believe she has wings; I don't." "But papa says she is an angel, and angels always have," said Rob, who was very positive. "She would come to us if she could fly," said Ray. "At least if God would let her," he added, on reflection. "Don't you think if she said to Him I want to kiss Rob and Ray and Tammie because they miss it so, He wouldn't say no?" Rob thought a minute, then said to his brother, "Papa always says 'No,' so p'rhaps God does too."

"P'rhaps!" sighed Ray, with a tired voice.

"No" was always said to them, and how much sorrow that means in the life of a child!

The vicarage was an old long wooden house, overrun with creepers, the very house to be a paradise for children and dogs, with all kinds of deep old casements and chimney-places, and corner cupboards and panelled passages; the very place for twilight romps and fire-light stories, for fun and play, and mirth and mischief. But fun and play, mirth and mischief, were a quartette frowned on at the vicarage, and though they crept in at times, because they never can be wholly absent where six children are, yet they came in timidly and were in hiding for the most part, and never laughed out lustily or scampered about without fear. For a cold dark shadow was upon the house and the hearts of its children; and this shadow was that of their father.

He was the vicar of the out-of-the-world parish of Goldenrod, that lay on the banks of the Dart, in a secluded part of the county, as Herrick's did before him; but he was in every way unlike that bright-hearted and genial country priest. Unhappily for his children, he was of a taciturn and gloomy nature, mean too, and very harsh, and the sound of his heavy foot along the passages made Rob and Ray flee trembling, and the younger morsels cry. What little tenderness he had ever had, had been buried with his wife under the big green yews on the south side of the church, and the children were afraid of him—sadly and terribly afraid.

Their father was a very good man; that is to say, he was very truthful, very honest, very laborious, never shrank from any duty, however distasteful, and never indulged in any pleasure, however tempting. But he was a stern man and rigid, and he was also very mean—"close-fisted," his servant Keziah called it. His parish was immense in extent, and very poor in what it rendered to him. There was scarcely a well-to-do person in it, and the vicar, though he had a snug sum in the county bank, and was by no means straitened, lived like a very poor man too, from inclination rather than from necessity. His thoughts were apt to be sordid, and his laws were apt to be harsh.

They were very happy very often indeed, because there were the old mossy orchards, and the broad green meadows, and the hedges, and the woods, and the cattle, and the chickens, and the huge kitchen where they could curl on the wooden settles, and eat their porridge, and hear wonderful tales from Keziah, who was cook, and nurse, and dairy-woman, and housewife, all in one. Keziah loved them; she had seen them all born, and when their mother had lain dying, had promised never to leave them, and she kept her word, though she was a buxom woman, much beloved, and might have married the rich miller that had the water-mill eight miles away down the river. But there were many things Keziah wished to do for them that she could not do, because she never disobeyed her master, and had to give them water when she would have given them milk, and cold porridge when she would have given them hot bread, and was often ashamed at the darned and threadbare clothes in which she had to array their little bodies. "The children that ought to be the first in the parish," as she would say to herself. "It is good to be a saint, no doubt; but it is bad to be a skinflint, too." For a skinflint she called her master in the secret of her soul.

When the snow fell, she called him so more bitterly than ever.

The snow made all the little people very cold, and she could not set big oaken logs and good cannel-coal roaring with flame up all the chimneys, as she would have liked to do, and Goldenrod grew very damp and chilly.

"Run out, my chicks, and get warm that way," she said to them when the white covering that was so strange to them stretched over moor and wold, and made the leafless trees and the swollen river look quite black against it.

Ray, a tall, pale, handsome child, and Rob, who was as round and rosy as one of the tiffin apples, were taught their lessons by their father in his study, a little dark, close place that was as terrible to them as if it had been a torture-chamber, for their acquaintance with letters was small and with the cane was large, and their canings were always given them there. But this morning they were free, for their father had been called to a dying parishioner on the other side of the big brown moor that shelved away from the edge of their orchards. So Rob and Ray ran out into the air, and dragged their little brothers with them, and the babies even, in their wooden cart, and romped about, and raced, and slid, and pelted, and danced, and made themselves merry, as though no cane were lying on the study table, and no blurred copy-books waiting, grim and grimy. They played at sledging, of which they had seen some prints in Christmas papers, and made believe the babies were princesses; then they played at being Napoleon at Moscow, whose story Ray had just come to in their *Markham's History*, and were so delighted with their marches and battles, and their own deaths and burials in the snow, that they never heard the one step which at all times sent a tremor of fear through them. The cold voice of the vicar cleft the cold air like a knife.

"Are your lessons done?"

Rob, who was burying Tammie in the snow, and Ray, who was carrying Dickie as a frost-bitten soldier of the Old Guard on his shoulders, both heard, and their innocent sport ceased as a dog's play ceases at the harsh crack of a whip.

Ray, grown whiter than the snow, alone spoke.

"We have done no lessons, papa."

"What have you done, then?"

"We have been at play."

"Very well. Go into the study."

Rob began to cry, and Ray's lips quivered. They knew what the order meant.

"It was my fault, master, all mine," cried Keziah, running out; but the vicar put her aside. "You spoil the children, that is well known," he said, coldly. "But the boys are too old not to know their own duty."

Keziah spoke in vain; the boys were bidden go to the study.

"Whip only me, papa," said Ray, timidly—"only me, please, because if I had staid in, Rob would have staid in too."

The vicar in his inmost soul recognized the generosity of the plea, and felt proud of his little son, but he did not seem to have heard it, and he gave both equal punishment upon the palms of their small, sunburned, cold hands. Then they were shut in to do their lessons, with two hunches of dry bread instead of dinner.

The vicar was a man who held discipline in high esteem, and enforced it.

They did their lessons, Ray quickly, Rob tardily, both watering the pages of primer and copy-book with scalding tears. Then they huddled together in the deep bay of the one narrow window to hear each other repeat what they had had to learn by rote. The casement looked on the lawn at the side of the house; on the grass was a big old hawthorn-tree, and under the tree were huddled together, like themselves, scores of birds.

"Do look at the birds," says Ray. "How puffed out they look, and how dull, and all their feathers stick upright."

"They're cold," said Rob, thoughtfully, and added, with fellow-feeling, as he heard the sound of dishes and knives and forks in the adjoining chamber, "P'rhaps they're hungry too."

"Hungry?" repeated Ray, who had never thought how birds lived. Then the color flushed back into his little pale face; he jumped up and upset all the lesson-books.

"Of course they are hungry—how silly I am! The ground is frozen—they eat worms and seeds, and now they can't get any. Oh, the poor, poor, *poor* little things!"

He jumped off the window-seat, got his dry bread, and jumped on again, threw open one of the leaded window-panes, and crumbled up his bread and flung it out to the birds. Instantly they darted down, a motley little throng; brown sparrows, gray linnets, speckled thrushes, chaffinches with their variegated wings, three big blackbirds, and one tiny blue tomtit, and many robins. They were no longer dull; they hopped and pecked and fluttered and chirped to each other and ate in concert, and were very much better behaved than a famished crowd of human beings ever would have been.

The great hawthorn-tree spread above them, glittering with icicles on every branch; the white, hard, smooth snow was beneath them; the bright-natured feathered things soon grew themselves again, and their merry chirruping made the frosty air alive with "Lieder ohne Worte," as gayly as if the hawthorn-tree were in flower, and they at work in it making their nests. Rob and Ray were in ecstasies; they hung against the casement pouring out showers of crumbs, laughing and half crying in delight at their clever and wonderful discovery that the birds in the snow had been hungry. They never remembered that they would be very hungry themselves, for in their excitement and sympathy they had crumbled away both bits of bread. They watched the little multitude eat every crumb, shake out their feathers, and fly away. One robin flew up to the lower boughs of the hawthorn, and sang as if he were deputed by the rest to speak their common praise and thanksgiving.

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Ray, with clasped hands and caught breath. "Oh, how beautiful! Oh, how clever of you, Rob, to remember they were hungry!"

"And me who isn't clever!" said Rob, with a little chuckle of content.

"What are you doing at the window, boys?" said their father's voice.

All their joy ceased, and the robin flew away. Rob was the one this time to answer.

"We gived our bread to the dicky-birds. It was me thought of it."

"All your bread?"

"Yes, papa; both bits."

The vicar frowned.

"Then you may go hungry until your tea-time; and remember that I will have no folly of the kind again. Keep your crusts for worthier objects. Birds are mere thieves. They steal fruit and grain; and it is God's merciful provision that frost should come to aid, amidst other of His means, in the destruction of their numbers. It is very impious to interfere with God's designs."

Ray's face grew very weary and perplexed, Rob's very grave and resolute.

"God kills birds?" Rob asked at last.

His father replied, "The frost God sends kills them—yes."

"I don't like God, then," Rob said, after a little while.

"Hush!" said Ray. "God is good. Papa it is that makes some mistake."

Their father grew gray with horror, and stony white with rage. Were these blasphemers his own children?

They were once more punished alike. They were this time flogged instead of being caned, and their little stiff hands were set to write in large crooked characters, "Frost is a provision of nature, instituted by the mercy of God, to destroy the numbers of birds that devastate the autumn crops of farmers and destroy the buds of gardeners' summer fruits."

"It is not true," said Ray, between his teeth, as his hands travelled painfully over the long sentence. "I am quite sure it is not true."

"No, it isn't true," said his echo, Rob, whose chubby fat fingers could scarcely manage, at the best of times, to make a round O, and now that they were numbed with cold, could not do it anyhow. "I don't care for the farmers," added Rob. "The farmers trap the bunnies—that they do."

Ray did not say anything; his heart was too heavy for talk; he had read in one of the story-books at his godmother's of a Northern country where a sheaf of wheat is tied up above the doorway for the birds in winter-time; he wished they were in that country. He and Rob cried themselves to sleep that night, for their little bones were all aching, and their hearts too.

In the morning, when they got up, they ran to the window. It was scarcely light; a big white moon was just vanishing over the brown edge of the moor; snow had fallen all night, the duck-pond was frozen over, the cold was great; on the sill of their casement there lay a little dead bird.

It was a young goldfinch.

Ray shook all over as he saw it; Rob's cheeks grew red with rage.

"Oh, the poor, poor, poor little dear!" they sobbed together, and life seemed so dreadful to them both that they clung crying to one another. This hard, cold, white world in which God let the dicky-birds die—it frightened them as they had been frightened when they had heard the sods beaten down above the grave where their mother's body was.

Ray looked up suddenly with a great light in his eyes.

"I will give the birds my breakfast, and papa may kill me!"

"Me too," said Rob, who would not be behind in any act or word, though his heart gave a terrible throb, for he was very hungry this chilly morning.

"It will hurt to go without anything," he whispered; "won't it hurt, Ray?"

"Of course it will hurt," said Ray, with scorn in his steadfast, shining eyes. "It hurt all the martyrs, but they did it."

Rob shut his little firm, rosy mouth, and resolved to demur no more.

Ray was always telling him about the martyrs, but Rob did not care much for them; he cared more for the bunnies in the traps.

"Let us go," said Ray, and together, hand in hand, they trotted down the old, dark, steep, oak stairs.

The children always had their first meal in the kitchen, for the convenience of Keziah and the quietude of their father. They all sat round the deal table before the fire, the little ones in their high chairs, Rob and Ray on wooden stools.

For breakfast they had porridge sometimes; this morning they had milk and water in their mugs, and bread, and Keziah for a treat added honey, "because it is so nigh Yule," as she said, for it was the 23d of December.

Ray looked at the honey and bread.

"Is it my own, this?"

"Yes, dear," said Keziah, wondering.

"I may eat it or not eat it, as I like?"

"For sure, my dear. What big eyes you make, my Raidie, for naught."

Ray looked at his bread with a swelling heart. He had all the hunger of a seven-year-old country boy; but he saw in his fancy all the birds of the world lying dying. He rose up and took his bread in his hands, and with a glance at his brother, went to the kitchen door. Rob, with a tear rolling down each cheek, bravely grasped his bread and followed. Their nurse did not notice them, her back was turned as she fed the little twin girls.

"Papa may kill us, but God won't be angry," said Ray, calmly; and never one of the martyrs he loved had felt more solemn and more sure. Then he began to crumble his bread and throw it out on the snow.

Rob took one big bite that he could not help, then valorously flung his away in large morsels.

From a lattice above them the voice of their father thundered:

"I will have no such waste in my household. Disobedient and wicked children, is my word not law?"

"He may kill me; I do not mind," said Ray, with a pale firm face.

Rob frowned and looked surly.

"It isn't waste. It 'ud have been in our tummies, and now it's in the dick-birds'."

Meanwhile the feathered multitude of the old hawthorn-tree and all the hedges round were flocking joyously down to share the alms.

Their father's step came down the stairs in haste, and his hard tones called Keziah.

"Job Stevens is at the point of death; he has cut his hand off chopping furze; they have come for me this moment. Take these children in and lock them in the study; they will have their chastisement when I return."

"Yes, sir," said Keziah, in amazement. But, sir, Job Stevens's is sixteen mile if one, and in the snow—"

"I must walk, of course," said her master, hastily; "no horse could get along. That is nothing. Lock these boys in, and do not let them out till I come back."

Then the vicar threw his cloak about him, and went out toward the moor in the teeth of the savage north wind. Rob and Ray stood motionless.

Their nurse came out to them.

"My darlings, you heard the orders that the master gave," she said, with the water in her honest eyes.

Rob threw his fat arms about her.

"Yes, but he's gone, nursie; *you* won't lock us in?"

Keziah hesitated, and kissed his curls. Ray's face changed from white to rosy red, and then grew white again.

"We must be locked in, Rob," he said, sadly. "We mustn't get nurse blamed."

"Oh, the noble little lad you are, my Raidie!" cried Keziah, and sobbed over him. So locked in they were. At one o'clock she brought them their dinners, and they looked wistful and longing. "Master said not till he comes back," she muttered, stroking Ray's hair.

"Never mind, nursie," murmured Ray, "we do very nice here. We've done our lessons, and we can play."

"What's there to play with?" groaned Rob, who was lying on what he called his "tummy" underneath the table.

"There's ourselves," said Ray.

Keziah locked them in, her heart more bitter against her master than ever it had been in all the years that would have been, but for the children, very joyless and very thankless.

"Them's just cherubs, and he's a brute. He as drinks the blessed wine every sacrament day, and should know better!" she muttered in her wrath. Had she been learned in hagiology, she would have wished that her master could swallow a spider in the holy wine, like the Latin priest who so became a saint, and be blessed with a beautiful spirit ever afterward.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BATTLE FOR THE CONTROL OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

From the Old World let us now pass over to the New, and briefly examine the situation at home. The enthusiasm for public education may be said to be native to the people of our country. No prouder symbol of our civilization was shown at the Paris Exhibition than the inscription in large letters over the school department of the American exhibit: "Public Instruction is Free in all the States of the Union." French peasants and workmen gazed upon it, and took in its meaning with sympathetic joy. It was an example set by the American republic to the republic of France. Our system originated with the Puritan, the most robust of Protestant Christians. It has been from the beginning instinct with the spirit of religion, and yet it has been in the best sense catholic. It has tried to educate in every child a sense of his direct responsibility to God, putting aside all ambition to make him the subject of a Church; that is to say, the system has been Christian rather than churchly, religious rather than ecclesiastical. It is not without its defects, but the people show themselves solicitous to provide for every defect a suitable remedy. The conviction, too, grows apace that the mere ability to read and write one's name is not education; that a boy may learn the three R's, and yet add to them, as Miss Nightingale has said, a fourth R—rascality; that education, to be effectual, must be carried to the degree which develops self-respect, honor, and the conservative instincts of the good citizen. Against mobs and tramps we can put the school-master; against the destructive doctrines of Communism, the district library. Our Grants, our Shermans, and our Sheridans have been our saviors, and we owe them an incalculable debt of gratitude. The Grants, the Shermans, and the Sheridans of the next fifty years will be the leaders of public education. The armies now to be drilled are armies of boys and girls. We may as well hang up the sword. It has done its work, and let it have its place of honor; the era of the slate, the black-board, and the pen must now begin.

But the old foe, the enemy of all light except that which is shut up in its own dark lantern, is here too. It might have been safely predicted that Americans could not go on and perfect their institutions without the "one only and true Church" coming and making a din. We might say to her, as we hear her moving under-ground, as Hamlet to his father's ghost, "Art thou there, Truepenny?" A few years ago "the Church" brought all her forces into line, and made a vehement assault upon our public-school system, and was worsted. Since then Catholic leaders have avoided openly hostile demonstrations. Not that they have retired from the contest; far from it. *Semper idem*—always the same—is the Church's legend; her rest is but the rest of preparation for conflict, her repose but the silence of conspiracy.

In his volume on *Comparative Politics*, Mr. Edward A. Freeman dwells with a scholar's enthusiasm on the place of Rome in universal history. Rome, he tells us, "is the vast lake in which the earlier streams of human history lose themselves, and from which all the streams of later history flow forth." This is in a certain sense true; the Eternal City has dominated over both the ancient and the modern world. The secular empire lost, a spiritual empire was won, which now holds in subjection two hundred millions of mankind. But Mr. Freeman has not noted the fact that neither the elder nor the later Rome ever gained a complete victory over the Teutonic peoples. Not without reason have the Germans in recent years erected a statue on a mountain height to Arminius, the warrior chief who destroyed the legions of Varus. The German of to-day accepts the historic position, so long held by his people, of independence of Rome, or war against her claims. The English-speaking race shows in its life this characteristic of the parent Teutonic stock. England always chafed under the yoke of the papacy, and for us in the United States the conflict was settled when Wolfe, on the plains near Quebec, wrested Canada and the valley of the Ohio from the French crown. From that day there has been little doubt of the dedication of all of North America, with the exception of Mexico, to civil and religious liberty.

Now we maintain that the coming here of a foreign corporate body, bent on making war upon a fundamental American institution, is a piece of effrontery without a parallel in modern history. The public school is just as fundamental an institution as manhood suffrage or trial by jury. For the conflict on the continent of Europe there is the apology that the Church has had treaties with the states, which have, to a greater or less extent, recognized her claims as a national educator. We have never had such a treaty, have never admitted such claims, but have liberally given hospitality and home to the children of the Church, coming to us often in the direst poverty. We say nothing of the Catholic laity who are trying to build up their fortunes and are making good citizens; but we do affirm that the hierarchy in the United States have shown an unrelenting hostility to the public schools. From the time when Archbishop Hughes attacked the Public-school Society of New York city to the late pastoral of Bishop McCloskey, of Louisville, the spirit of the hierarchy has been the same. To the complaint so much made by the priests that Catholics are required to pay taxes for the maintenance of the public schools, there is the simple answer that they are as much bound to pay these as taxes for the support of courts, of the police, and penal or reformatory institutions. The state has its traditions, its law of growth impressed upon it by its history, and these are not to be thrust aside at the bidding of the stranger or the newly made citizen.

In dealing with the question of the public schools we need a more manly assertion of the rights of the American commonwealth. Bishop McQuaid and his associates may try to make our system denominational; the corporators of the Sisterhood of Gray Nuns to foist teachers bearing their certificates upon school trustees; intemperate Catholic journalists may prefer to see the youth of their Church grow up thieves rather than that they should be taught by the State, but none the less should the State execute its purpose to give at the cost of the tax-payers a free unsectarian education to every child. Fortunately these schemes, whether open or hidden (and notably that of the Gray Nuns), have failed; their effect is seen in the revision of State laws, and in the passage by the House of Representatives of the school amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

The case of Father Scully is an illustration of the manner in which the Church can practice reserve and moderate the ardor of its servants. It is said of Talleyrand that on one occasion, giving instructions to a French ambassador about to go abroad, finished by saying, "Above all things, no zeal." Zeal in a subordinate is sometimes embarrassing to his superior. Talleyrand's *mot* is the exact explanation of the difference between Archbishop Williams and Father Scully. Both agree in principle, but Father Scully has a troublesome excess of zeal. The committee of the Cambridgeport congregation who waited on the archbishop were told that their priest's "course throughout had met his unqualified approval." When his Grace found public opinion aroused, he called his clergy together, and made to them a softened statement, intended for the press. It does not vary as much as the breadth of a hair from the doctrines of the syllabus of Pius IX. The public school should be shunned by good Catholics if a parish school is within reach, and the priest may, at his discretion, withhold the sacraments from all who disobey. On the other side of the globe the Australian Catholic bishops have just issued a joint pastoral of the same tenor. There is in it the same warning to shun the public school, the same threat of withholding absolution from all parents who do not heed the warning. Catholic New England and Catholic Australia speak simultaneously, and have but one voice. The oracle within manages both the puppets, though they be antipodal to each other. We cheerfully acknowledge Rome's ubiquity. "Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?"

Events in this world have not always a dramatic interest commensurate with their importance. The landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, and of William Penn at Chester, are in no way dramatic, yet they were the beginnings of a new era. Sadowa and Sedan have all the elements of overpowering interest which the historian need covet, and yet, conceding what they did in redistributing power in Europe, they will be of less consequence than the rescue of the public school throughout Christendom from ecclesiastical control. The states are learning to draw a distinction between the essentials of Christianity and its human admixtures. Acting without formal concert, but inspiring each other, they are moving toward the same goal. Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, have replied to the final word of the Church contained in the syllabus, and that reply is the assertion of the fundamental right of the state to protect its own existence. The emancipation of mind will now begin with the school life of the child. Even in Catholic nations the schoolhouse will no longer be chained to the chair of St. Peter. A century lived under such auspices will recreate Europe.

We confess that the legislation of the Swiss confederation is to our mind a wise determination of some of the elements of the school problem. It is the work of a people who are accustomed to draw with a steady hand the line between liberty and authority. The state, say the Swiss, has the right to rule that there are some things which every child shall learn; that these shall be acquired up to a certain standard of proficiency as the minimum of preparation for citizenship. May not a state require that its own history shall be learned by every child, and learned aright? Already Catholics in the United States tell us that they can not accept American history as it is taught in the public schools. Be this as it may, it is the duty of the American commonwealth to recognize in public-school instruction the facts of its origin. The toils of the Pilgrims, the founding by the Quakers of a city whose name is the synonym of religious toleration, the filling of Central Pennsylvania with refugees from the German Palatinate, the guarantee of freedom of conscience—what are these but successive harvests from the seed sown by Martin Luther? What, indeed, are the English and American revolutions but successive acts of the great drama of the Reformation? Our history can only be rightly read with the light which is shed upon it from the pages of an open Bible. The state can not falsify its past, can not alter accomplished facts. Only as it is true to the meaning of its history can it find support for patriotism, can it furnish inspiration to the national enthusiasm. If we are wise, we will not forget where the sun rose which now shines on us in its noonday brightness.

George R. Crooks.

GRANT'S FIRST VISIT TO FLORIDA.

The entry of General Grant and party into Florida and their tour through the State have been the occasion of unwonted demonstrations by the people of the floral peninsula, both whites and blacks participating in a series of receptions entirely spontaneous and non-partisan in their character.

When the General, coming from Savannah *viâ* the Sea Island route, stepped ashore from the *City of Bridgeton* at Fernandina, January 4, he had reached the only State in the Union that he had never visited before. As it was Sunday, there were no public ceremonies beyond the reception of the guests at the wharf by ex-Senator Yulee on behalf of the Mayor; but the streets were crowded with people who gathered to welcome the distinguished visitors. During the day Judge Settle and a number of prominent citizens of the State joined the party, and in the evening there was a serenade by the Brunswick Band. The hotel and park were brightly illuminated.

The next day there was a formal reception at the City Hall, attended by crowds of citizens, many of whom were colored. The ex-President, with General Sheridan, Mayor Brownson, and General Davis, occupied the platform. The latter delivered the speech of welcome. He referred to the ex-President's visit to the South shortly after the war, and his report after that visit, and the belief expressed therein that the people had accepted the results of the war, and were at heart loyal. He believed that he would have no cause to change his opinion now, and that this visit would result in further uniting the people of all sections, and that the entire South held him in good esteem as their friend.

In his reply the ex-President, after repeating the substance of many of his previous speeches, referred to the report which he made in 1866. He said that he believed then that the South acted in good faith, but he saw then, and sees now, that they were misled and drawn into a course which produced results now so greatly regretted by all. It was not, however, their fault. Cheers were given for the ex-President and for General Sheridan.

After the reception the party, with a large company of invited guests, visited the ruined Dungeness estate on Cumberland Island—a place once famous for its cotton staple and the baronial splendor of its hospitality. An hour or so was spent in wandering among the avenues cut through the moss-draped forest of live-oaks. An incident of the occasion was the visit of the General to the little woodland-hid cemetery, a short distance from the ruin, where General Henry Lee ("Light-horse Harry Lee," of Revolutionary fame), the father of the great Confederate chieftain, lies buried.

Upon the return voyage a bald eagle was presented to General Grant by a party of Georgians, headed by an editor of the genuine Bourbon stripe, whose speech was replete with patriotic metaphor.

On the morning of January 6 a special train was taken for Jacksonville. At various points upon the road the people had gathered in numbers, and General Grant, who sat smoking upon the rear platform, saluted them with great good nature. Some of the native comments upon the General and party, as overheard by our artist, were very funny and quite characteristic.

At Jacksonville the entire population turned out, and the party was escorted to the hotel by a long procession of local authorities, led by the Fire Department. The shipping in port, the public buildings, and many private residences were profusely decorated with flags and mottoes.

During the stay in Jacksonville many pleasant diversions were arranged, including a trip down the river on the mail steamer *Sappho*, and a ball the following evening.

A few days later, when General Grant had completed his trip through Florida, he gave the New York *Tribune's* correspondent his conclusions as to the future of that State. "I think," he said, "that Florida has a bright prospect. As far as the product of the soil is concerned, this will surpass any State in the Union, and will realize the most money. Her productions will be a monopoly; and besides her oranges, pine-apples, and semi-tropical fruits and vegetables, she will in time produce the sugar for the consumption of the entire country. Then she grows the finest long-staple cotton, the best of tobacco for cigars, and her timber is of immense value. Then, when the swamp land is cleared of the timber, there will remain the choicest kind of a rice country. The soil, while apparently barren, is suited to the climate, and there are extensive beds of material for fertilization that will not only supply the needs of the land, but will be an article of export."

PERFUMERY.

Odors are extracted from different parts of plants and flowers—from the root, as in orris and vitivert; the stem, as in cedar, sandal, and rosewood; the leaves, as thyme, mint, patchouli; the blossom, as roses, violets, etc.; the seed, as the Tonquin bean, the caraway; the bark, as the cinnamon. But all the more delicate odors are chiefly derived from the corolla, or blossom. After the orange—which enters in some shape or form very largely into the composition of countless essences, pomades, oils, and cosmetics—one of the most useful plants to the perfumer is cassie. It is to be found in most of the favorite handkerchief bouquets; but alone it is of too sickly sweet an odor to be agreeable. It is extensively grown at Cannes, and combines well with orange flower, rose, tuberose, and vanilla. Bergamot is another faithful ally of the perfumer. It is an essential oil, obtained by expression from the rind of a species of citron, and is to be found in the majority of essences, particularly in the celebrated *Ess* Bouquet. Of itself it is not a particularly pleasant odor, but combined with orris, musk, or other fixing scents, it is very fragrant. It is best kept in a cool, dark place, in closely stoppered bottles, which applies to all perfumes except essence or extract of rose; so that when ladies keep their perfume bottles on the toilet table in sunlight and gas-light, or, as is sometimes the case, on the mantel-piece over a fire, they should not be surprised if they soon lose their delicate subtle odor; in fact, the purer and better the perfumes are, the more susceptible are they to the influences of light and heat.

It is a curious fact that some of the sweetest flowers are unavailable for the purposes of perfumery. Sweet-brier, for instance, and eglantine can only be imitated. No process has yet been discovered by which their delicate perfume can be extracted and preserved; but spirituous extracts of rose pomade, of flower of orange, neroli oil—also produced from the orange and verbena—when cunningly combined, very fairly imitate both. Lily-of-the-valley—another useless flower to the perfumer, though of exquisite scent in itself, is marvellously imitated by a compound of vanilla, extract of tuberose, jasmine, and otto of almonds. Almost all lilies are found too powerful even for perfumery purposes, and are therefore little used, even in combination with other odors, for it has been found in many instances that they do not harmonize well with the "fixing and disguising" scents in general use. Most of the very sweetest flowers, it is said, are only successfully imitated, as wall-flower, clove-pink, sweet-pea. Magnolia is too expensive to be genuine. Myrtle is very rarely genuine. Real sweet-pea there is none, and heliotrope and honeysuckle are cleverly made up. Tuberose, vanilla, orange flower, violet, rose, jasmine, and cassie, with orris and vitivert, musk and ambergris, in proper proportions and combinations, are the leading ingredients in most perfumes. Mignonette, sweet as it is in the garden, is almost useless by itself to the perfumer; and tuberose, one of the sweetest, if not the very sweetest flower that blooms, combined with jasmine, makes the perfume called stephanotis. By *enfleurage* it gives a most delicious extract; but it needs to be fixed immediately by a less volatile scent, or it will immediately evaporate. Fixed by vanilla or some other enduring odor, it is one of the most charming and useful essences in the perfumer's *répertoire*, and enters into the composition of almost all the favorite handkerchief bouquets. Cassie, otto of almonds, tuberose, and orris form two-thirds of the violet essence generally sold. The genuine essence of violets is only to be procured at special places and at exorbitant prices.

Of fixing or permanent scents the principal are musk, vanilla, ambergris, orris, and vitivert. Orris is perhaps more used than any other, and enters largely into the composition of all popular dentifrices. From the odors already known, we may produce by proper combinations the scent of almost every flower that blows, except the jasmine. It is the one perfume that defies spurious imitation. It seems almost needless to say that otto of roses comes chiefly from the East. The rose fields of Kasanlik, in Roumelia, and the sweet valleys of Cashmere, give us the *attar gul* renowned over the whole world. But there is a very sweet otto of rose made from the beautiful Provence roses that grow to such perfection at Cannes and Grasse. The flower has a rather subtle odor, arising, it is said, from the bees carrying the pollen of the orange flowers to the rose beds. The otto is obtained by maceration and *enfleurage*.

The whole south of Europe is what one might call the perfumer's happy farming-ground. Cannes and Nice are especially famous. There on the mild sea-coast grows the delicate cassie that can scarcely bear a blast; at the foot of the mountains the violets are sweeter than if grown in the sheltered valleys where the orange, tuberose, and mignonette attain to such marvellous perfection. But flowers are grown for perfumery purposes in many other places. Nîmes is famous for its rosemary and thyme, Nice for its violets, Sicily for its lemons and bergamot, and England is famous for lavender and peppermint, the latter always commanding a high price in foreign markets, as it forms the general mouth-wash used on the Continent. The lavender grown at Mitcham and Hitchin is about eight times the value of that grown in France and Italy; and for ordinary use there is no sweeter perfume than good lavender water.

Just one word on the use of perfumes; and it is *moderation*. Persons, places, and things are all the better and pleasanter for a little sweet essence; but see that it is a little. If some persons are too lavish in the use of their favorite bouquet, and turn what was meant for a refined pleasure into a vulgar nuisance, their extravagance is to be avoided rather than the perfume itself.

ECCENTRICITIES.

From time to time we offer to our readers certain oddities of human life and character. Subjoined are several taken at random.

Mr. J. Underwood, who died in 1733, left £6000 to his sister on condition of being buried in the following manner: At the grave-side six gentlemen, who were appointed to follow him, sang the last stanza of the twentieth Ode of the Second Book of Horace. No bell was tolled nor black worn; no one was invited but these six gentlemen; and no relation followed the corpse. The coffin was painted green, and the deceased was buried with his clothes on. With him were buried three copies of Horace, Bentley's Milton, and a Greek Testament. After supper they sang the thirty-first Ode of the First Book of Horace, all being in strict accordance with the will.

The French historian Mezeray used to study and write by candle-light even at noonday in the summer, and always waited upon his company at the door with a candle in his hand. It was a constant practice with him, when candidates offered themselves for vacant places in the Academy, to throw in a black ball instead of a white one, "to leave to posterity a monument of the freedom of elections in the Academy."

The parish clerk of St. Clement Danes, in the early part of the last century, gave a curious instance of admonition and thanks. He lent a man fifty shillings, which was unpaid for several years. He could never find the borrower at home, though he confronted him every Sunday in the middle aisle at church. One Sunday, the clerk looking the debtor full in the face, repeated the words, "The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again." This admonition had the desired effect, for the next day the man called and paid him the money.

A maiden lady who died in 1786 left the following singular legacies in her will: "*Item.*—I leave to my dear entertaining Jacko [a monkey] £10 per annum during his natural life. *Item.*—To Shock and Tib [a lap-dog and cat] £5 each for their annual subsistence during life; but should it happen that Shock die before Tib, or Tib before Shock, then, and in that case, the survivor to have the whole."

In a review held at Weymouth many years ago, General Dundas's horse fell with him. An officer in attendance immediately dismounted to assist the general, and was much concerned to learn that his leg was broken.

"I will try to get your boot off," said the officer.

"Do, man, do," replied the general.

A knife was instantly produced.

"What are you about?" exclaimed the general.

"I am going to cut your boot off."

"You sha'n't do any such thing. No, sir; I bought them just before I came to the camp, and I gave six-and-thirty shillings for them. Pull it off, sir—pull it off."

It was represented to the wounded general that it was impossible under his present sufferings; but nothing would do; "the boot should not be cut to pieces in that manner."

At that moment George III. arrived at the spot, anxiously inquiring what had happened. "What! what! not cut off the boot? Pooh, pooh; stuff!" said the king. "Cut it off—cut it off."

"No," replied the general. "They are new boots, your Majesty; and I command him at his peril not to cut the boot. He can pull it off."

The attempt then made to draw off the boot was at length successful, though the agony of the sufferer was painfully manifest by the perspiration dropping from his forehead.

The celebrated Lessing having missed money at different times without being able to discover who took it, determined to put the honesty of his servant to a trial, and left a handful of gold on the table.

"Of course you counted it?" said one of his friends.

"Counted it?" said Lessing, rather embarrassed. "No; I forgot that."

Philip Fitzgibbon was supposed to possess a more accurate and extensive knowledge of the Irish language than any person living, and his latter years were industriously employed in compiling an English and Irish Dictionary of four hundred quarto pages, which he left completed with the exception of the letter S, and that he appeared to have totally forgotten.

About 1770 there was living in London a tradesman who had disposed of eleven daughters in marriage, with each of whom he gave their weight in halfpence as a fortune. The young ladies must have been bulky, for the lightest of them weighed £50 2*s.* 8*d.*

The great Duke of Marlborough some years before his death retired occasionally to Bath, and often amused himself with cards, though he seldom ventured to play high. One night he was engaged at piquet with Dean Jones, from whom he won sixpence, and exacted the payment. The dean declared he had no silver, but borrowed the money, as the duke said he wanted it to pay for his Sedan-chair. The dean, knowing the duke's avarice, watched him, and saw him actually walking home, in order to save the sixpence. Pope speaks of him as one who would "now save a kingdom, and now save a groat."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Well, girls," said the mother, "you are big enough now to be of some use. It may make you mad to tell you of it. I am going to discharge the washer-woman. 'Wring out, wild belles!' is to be the motto in this house." And visions of parboiled hands running the scales on a wash-board instead of a piano flitted before the minds of those sad daughters.

SCENE IN A PARIS RESTAURANT.

Customer. "Waiter, I can't get on with this lobster; it's as hard as flint."

Waiter. "Beg pardon, sir; a slight mistake. That's the papier-maché lobster out of the show-case. Shall I change it?"

A distinguished and long-winded Paris lawyer lately defended a criminal unsuccessfully, and at the end of the trial the judge received the following note: "The prisoner humbly prays that the time occupied by the plea of the counsel for the defense be counted in the sentence."

"How it does remind me of my courting days!" exclaimed Mrs. Goodington, remarking the blush that the delicately turned compliment of Araminta's young man had brought to the girl's cheek. "In those halliard days, when I was young and perceptible, how frustrated I used to feel when Daniel paid me a condiment, as he always was a-doing! Yes," she continued, stopping to brush off the tear that trembled at the tip of her attenuated nose—"yes, Daniel was one of a thousand. And he never changed during all our years of patrimony."

Professor in Philology (*a staid D.D.*). "Mr. B——, can you give us an example containing a conjunction co-ordinate?"

Mr. B—— (*brightening up*). "Tom and Jerry."

Professor. "That's good. Let us see what we will have next."

Voice in the Rear. "Beer."

"Swans sing before they die." They have to, if they sing at all.

If your son has no brains don't send him to college. You can not make a palace out of a shanty by putting a French roof on it.

"Dear Louise, don't let the men come too near you when courting." "Oh no, dear ma. When Charles is here, we have one chair between us." Mother thinks the answer is rather ambiguous.

LOGICAL.

His Honor. "Prisoner, you say you are homeless?"

Prisoner. "Yes, your Honor."

His Honor. "You have no means of subsistence whatever?"

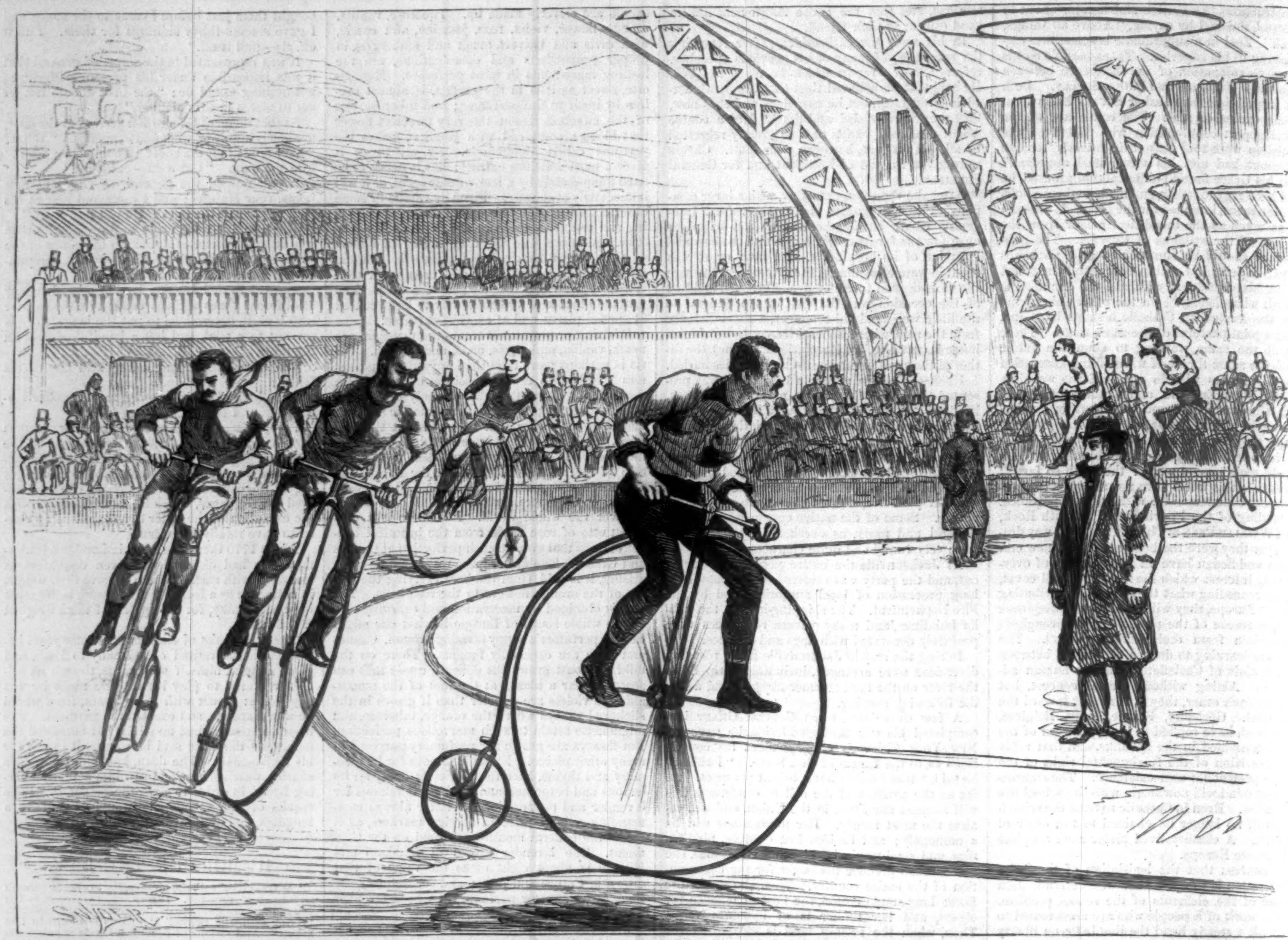
Prisoner. "No, your Honor."

His Honor. "Very well. [*After a pause.*] The Court condemns you to pay a fine of five dollars."

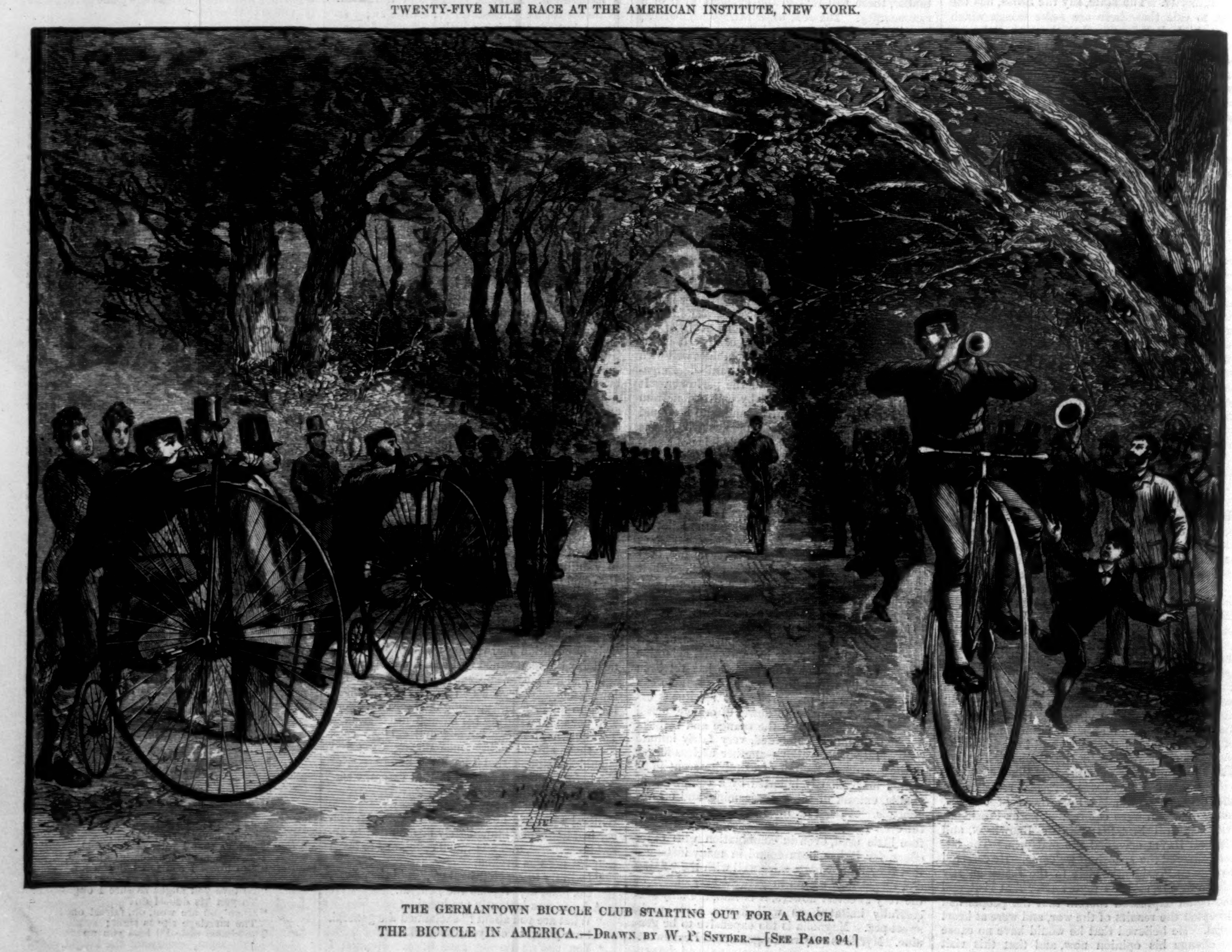
Dr. Adolf Sander, a physician of Heidelberg, died recently from the effects of swallowing a shirt button. How often have we warned bachelors of the dangers likely to arise from trifling with these treacherous and explosive articles! Marriage is the only safety-valve against death from buttons.

LORNE AND LOUISE.

With tragic air the love-lorn heir
  Once chased the chaste Louise;
She quickly guessed her guest was there
  To please her with his pleas.
Now at her side he kneeling sighed
  His sighs of woful size:
"Oh! hear me here, for lo! most low
  I rise before your eyes.
This soul is sole thine own, Louise—
  'Twill never wean, I ween,
The love that I for aye shall feel,
  Though mean may be its mien."
"You know I can not tell you no,"
  The maid made answer true;
"To love you aught as sure I ought—
  To you 'tis due—I do!"
"Since you are won, oh, fairest one!
  The marriage rite is right;
The chapel aisle I'll lead you up
  This night," exclaimed the knight.

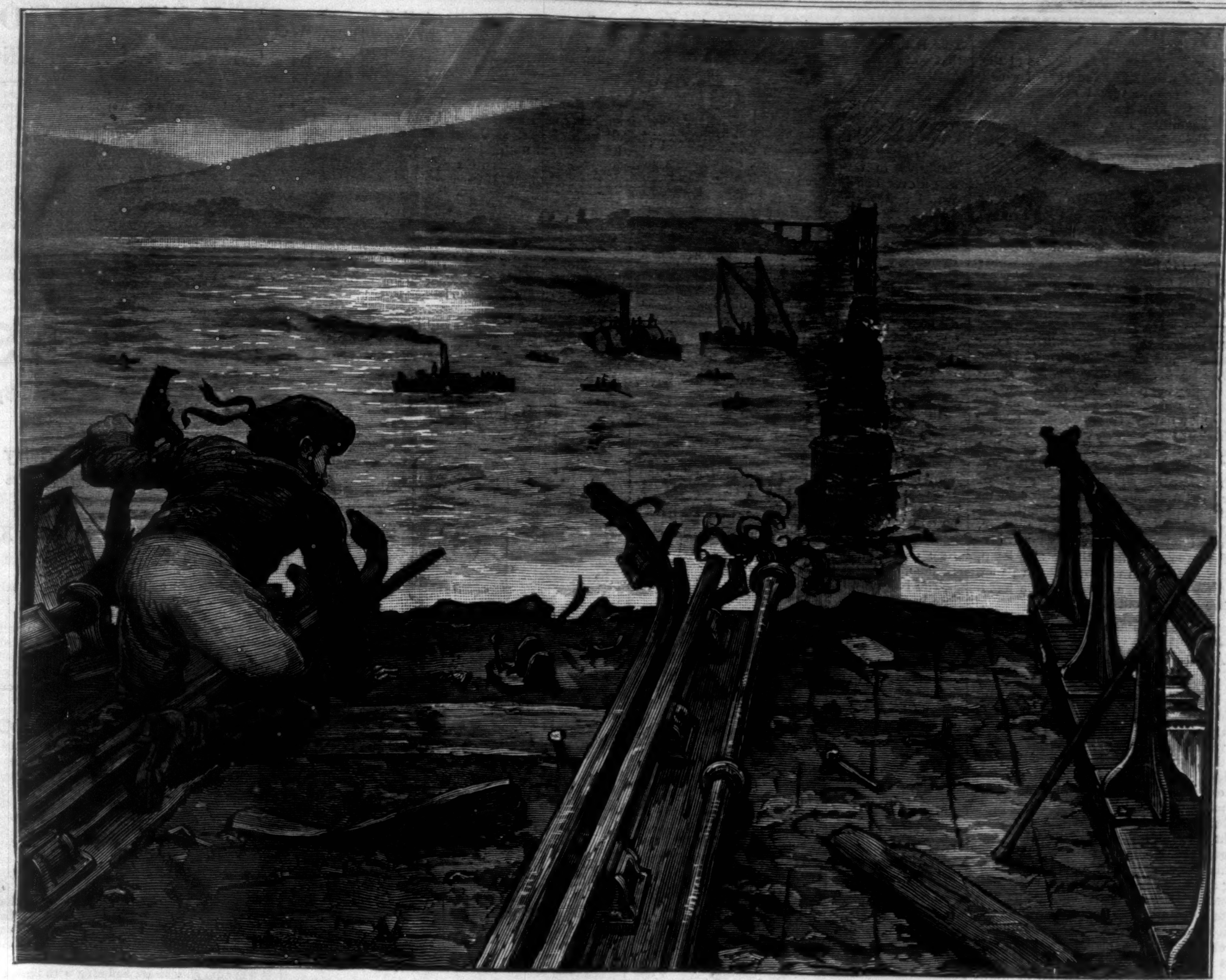


TWENTY-FIVE MILE RACE AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.

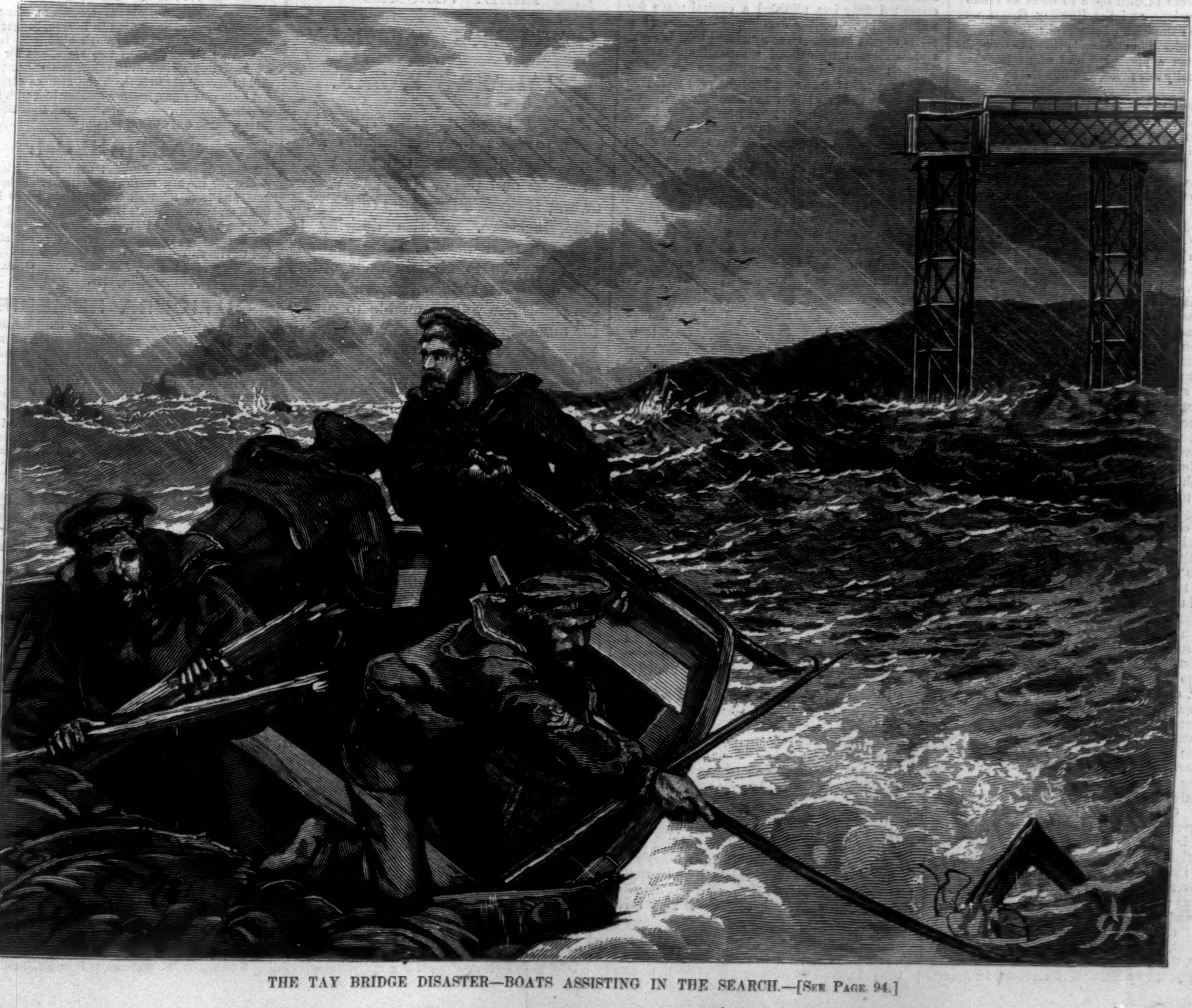


THE GERMANTOWN BICYCLE CLUB STARTING OUT FOR A RACE.

THE BICYCLE IN AMERICA.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 94.]



THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER—VIEW OF THE BROKEN BRIDGE FROM THE NORTH END.—[See Page 94.]



THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER—BOATS ASSISTING IN THE SEARCH.—[See Page 94.]

THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.

On page 93 will be found two pictures of the scene of the awful disaster on the Tay, of which we gave an account in a recent number of the *Weekly*. But little light has been shed on the cause of the calamity. The divers have found that the train divided itself into two portions, of which only the foremost portion, with the engine and tender, has yet been discovered, lying inside the girders. It must be understood that these lattice girders, forming an open frame-work of iron, constituted the under floor and the two upright sides of the bridge, the top being left free except for a few cross-ties. Three of these double girders, each 145 feet in length, and weighing 200 tons, are lying on their side toward the east, with the engine and tender, one first-class carriage, and several third-class carriages, inclosed within the girders as in a cage.

Other girders of the bridge have fallen in a different manner, some lying upside down, and some mixed up with the broken iron columns or cylinders of the supporting piers. The hindmost carriages of the train have not been found, and it is thought they may have been smashed to pieces, which would drift out to sea. The shells of carriages remaining were almost empty; not only the passengers' bodies, but the cushions, seats, and partitions had been forced out by the current of the river or the tide. The wreckage brought up consists mostly of planks and beams from the permanent way of the railroad, or floor of the bridge, and even these thick timbers are very much broken up. Yet a few such little things as a lamp, a foot-warmer, a piece of a window-blind or panel, an overcoat, an umbrella, a slipper, and a handkerchief, have been got out of the wreck.

ABOUT BICYCLES.

After a long and almost unaccountable delay the bicycle has at last been adopted in this country, and bicycling, though still in its infancy, is acquiring a popularity that promises to excel that gained by velocipedes ten years ago.

In 1819 the bicycle, under the name of "pedestrian curricle," was introduced into New York and other cities of this country, and the interest and excitement created by it were marvellous. The machine consisted simply of two wheels of equal height connected by a bar, upon which was placed a saddle. Seated upon this the rider propelled himself on a level or up a slight grade by pushing against the ground with his toes, and on a descending grade he lifted his feet and let the machine run. In this city people of all ages and conditions of life were seized with the mania for these clumsy vehicles, and they became as common as carriages in the streets. A favorite place for riding them was up and down the Bowery, and from Chatham Square to City Hall Park. The parks were thrown open to them as readily as to pedestrians, and the Bowling Green was used for the exhibition of graceful riding.

As the "pedestrian curricle" proved to be nothing more than a plaything, and of no practical use, it gradually lost favor, and was finally known no more.

In 1865 was patented in France a three-wheeled velocipede, of which the forward wheel was much larger than the two rear wheels, and was provided with cranks attached to the axle, and having movable pedals for the feet. In the same year was invented, but not patented, a two-wheeled machine with the same arrangement of cranks and pedals on the forward wheel, and thus the two-wheeled velocipede, now scornfully termed the "bone-shaker," was born. In 1866 the Frenchman who had conceived this latest idea worked his passage to this country as stoker of a steam-ship, and finding his way to New Haven, Connecticut, there made and rode one of his two-wheeled machines. A Yankee named Carroll saw the machine, imagined great things from its introduction, succeeded in forming a partnership with Lallement, its owner, and took out patents for its manufacture in this country. The velocipede was still too crude and clumsy in form to achieve a success, and in 1867 Lallement returned to France, where he again introduced his machine. It immediately attracted attention, and many improvements were suggested. The rage for these improved machines spread like wild-fire in Great Britain, and when, in 1869, they were introduced to the American public, the mania for them swept over the country like an epidemic fever. Velocipede rinks, halls, and schools were established in every city and town in the country, and a multitude of manufacturers could not fill the orders that poured in upon them. Many of the best bicycle riders of to-day owe much of their skill to their practice on the "bone-shakers" of ten years ago; for the art of maintaining one's balance on the bicycle is, like skating or swimming, when once acquired, never forgotten.

The "bone-shaker," however, proved to be not only of no practical use, but really injurious to the rider, and so, after being the rage for two years, it was suddenly discarded, and disappeared as completely as though it had never been.

This was not the case, however, in England, where the defects of the "bone-shaker" also were discovered; but instead of denouncing and discarding the whole principle on account of them, active brains were set to work to find a remedy. Gradually the forward wheel of the bicycle grew larger and the hinder wheel smaller, until their relative sizes became as three to one; anti-friction bearings were made for axles; the seat or saddle was moved forward so as to be nearly over the centre of the forward wheel; the whole was made of the lightest and strongest materials, and with one more improvement the bicycle of to-day was completed. This last improvement, which is perhaps the most important of all, is the India rubber tire for the wheels, and was suggested by Mr. C. K. Bradford, an American, while he was travelling in England in 1868. This is the only contribution to the many ideas that go to perfect the bicycle that emanated from America.

In 1870 the modern bicycle had become an institution in Great Britain, where it has ever commanded the most attention, and where the greatest proficiency in its use has been attained. In that country over five million dollars capital is employed in the manufacture of bicycles, of which over one hundred and fifty thousand are owned and ridden in Great Britain alone. In England the bicycle has largely taken the place of horses and light wagons as a road carriage, business men using them to convey them to and from their places of business, and professional men using them in making their visits. There is at least one well-established instance of a clergyman using the bicycle to carry him to and from his church, which is at a distance from his home, on Sundays. And not only he, but a number of his vestry-men and the prominent members of his congregation may be seen each Sunday morning solemnly spinning along the smooth roads toward their place of worship.

In England the amateur rider J. Keith Falconer once rode five miles in 15 m. 13⅖ s., the last quarter of a mile being made at the rate of twenty-three miles an hour; and F. E. Appleyard has made on the road between London and Bath one hundred miles in 7 h. 18 m. 55 s., the actual riding time being 6 h. 48 m. D. Stanton, now in this country, rode in England ten miles against three trotting horses, and won; he also rode one thousand miles in Agricultural Hall, London, in 104 h. 24 m. 24 s.

The bicycle was introduced into this country late in the year 1877 by a young lawyer of Boston, and since that time that city has been the head-quarters of the bicycling interests of the country. From Boston the interest rapidly spread, and bicycles were successfully introduced in most of the large cities, except New York. Bicycling has become so popular in Philadelphia that that city now rivals Boston as a bicycling centre. One of the two pictures on page 92 shows the Philadelphia Bicycle Club just starting for a run through the Germantown suburbs. Last fall Fairmount Park, which had been before that time closed to bicyles, was opened to them as freely as to other vehicles, and now in Philadelphia bicycles have the same privileges and rights of way in the public streets and parks that are enjoyed by other light carriages.

Bicycling has had a hard struggle for existence in New York, and it was only late last fall that any interest was manifested in it. Last October a bicycle school was established in New York, and almost simultaneously soon afterward the New York and Columbia College bicycle clubs sprang into existence.

On January 1 of this year the American Institute Fair building was opened as a bicycle rink, and since that time its vast expanse of smooth cemented floor has afforded a capital place for winter riding. On the evening of January 24 a series of exciting races was contested in this rink, and witnessed by several thousand spectators. The first picture on page 92 represents the professional riders in the twenty-five-mile race rounding a curve on the last lap of the home-stretch.

The uniform of the Boston Bicycle Club being of seal brown, and that of the Philadelphia Club navy blue, the New York Club has adopted cadet gray. The Columbia College Club is true to the colors of blue and white. Clubs are in existence in Brooklyn, Newark, and Yonkers, and as several more clubs are already proposed in this city and its immediate vicinity, it is probable that during the coming season the fine roads within fifty or one hundred miles of New York will be alive with uniformed riders of the "wheel," and that bicycling will be the most popular sport of the year.

Rockbridge, Illinois, *June* 7, 1879.

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Publication Department A. M. E. Church,
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Messrs. Harper & Brothers beg leave to state that, six months from date, they will destroy the plates and all copies on hand of Harper's Weekly and Harper's Bazar up to the year 1869, inclusive. Parties desiring to complete their files of these journals are requested to send in their orders before July 31, 1880, as, after that date, the publishers will be unable to supply the numbers of the Weekly and Bazar issued before January, 1870.

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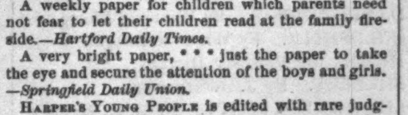

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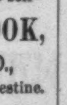

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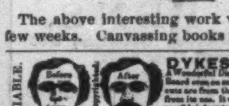

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